Week ending August 11 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

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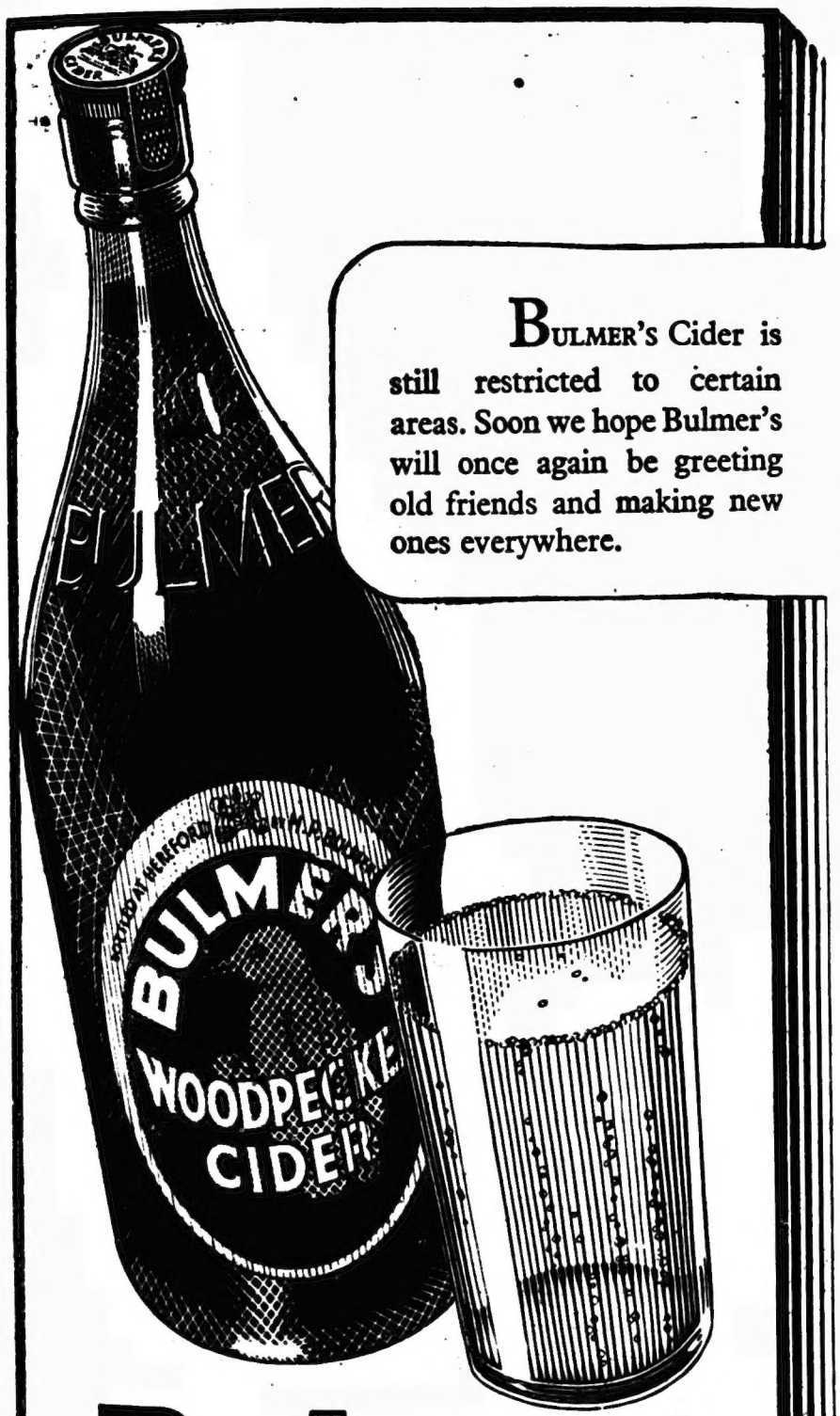

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Made mother's way — on the grand scale!

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I eat something crisp and crunchy every day.

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NO TIME FOR SWOONING

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"You can keep your Sinatra. I've found some Sylvan Flakes. I'm going to wash my only pair of silk stockings, right now."

"You've got some Sylvan! Don't be silly, there isn't any. It's been pooled, zoned, washed-out or something."

"Oh, no, it hasn't. They sell it loose now, but you must ask for it by name."

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"Out of my way dear, I'm off to see the grocer instead."

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NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS

CHRISTOPHER STONE says

'How Right we were — to choose

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In packets, 9 for 7d.

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keep dogs fit

August 11 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 78 Number 2043 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

BATTLE OF BRITAIN

THIS WEEK END, five years ago, the Battle of Britain began. Now the Battle for a New Britain begins.

The first saved us from foreign oppression. The second aims at the defeat of social injustices, of exploitation and want, of "muddling through." More positively, it should bring us ordered progress, stable prosperity and general contentment.

A bloodless revolution has taken place: the greatest since the Common Man won the right to vote.

But let no one think that a new Jerusalem can be built in this "fair and pleasant land" either easily or swiftly. None of us should imagine that "nationalisation" will automatically cure the ailments for which it is prescribed.

Public control is the first dose, not the last, in the treatment of coal, steel, transport and other troubles.

Nationalisation of the mines to-day, for example, would not make the slightest difference to any collier or coal consumer to-morrow. It would merely provide a start for the long and immensely difficult job of bringing the mines up to date and linking them efficiently with coal and gas undertakings.

To modernise our key industries, staggering sums of money must be spent. (It is to raise this money that the Bank of England must first be brought under public control.) To provide the necessary equipment, workers in many trades will find regular employment for years.

MEANWHILE, the workers will be disappointed if they expect an earthly paradise

This Government, like JOHN BULL, desires a high level of wages and comfortable working conditions to be made general.

But wages are linked with output. If the worker's output falls, his wages will fall. Until the modernisation of industry enables him to increase output without undue strain, he will have to work harder than ever to justify a high wage level.

That is the blunt truth.

The Government alone cannot bring prosperity to Britain. It must direct and plan wisely; the rest is up to us.

The New Battle of Britain has Begun

Strong Team for a Mighty Job

Attlee's Brilliant Surprises. Potsdam and After. Holding the Japanese Horses. Think Again, Doctors. New Name in British Films. Dead-End Cricket.

NOW WE CAN SEE the shape of changes to come, the pattern of a Socialist Britain.

The main job of shaping and controlling the transition falls to Herbert Morrison. He is the Prime Minister's deputy, and boss on the Home Front.

Above all, he will have to see to it that under all forms of nationalisation which are introduced the elected representatives of the people retain the final word.

Herbert the Democrat

For Mr. Morrison shares the belief of the whole Labour Party in democratic government. His methods are the methods of persuasion rather than the shock tactics of personal authority.

But much of his work will be done behind the scenes. He will be what Mr. Attlee and Sir John Anderson were in the last Government. He will be the grand co-ordinator. He will preside at meeting of the Home Front Ministers. He will inspire and supervise.

Greenwood's Freedom

Arthur Greenwood will be at his right hand to co-ordinate the work of reconstruction.

The new planned economy will require much attention to detail. But it will require also a clear vision of where the future prosperity of Britain lies, and a single directing purpose which will fit every phase of the national effort into its proper place.

As secretary of the Labour Party's Bureau of Research and Information, Arthur Greenwood has had an unrivalled opportunity to study every phase of British industry. Already in the Coalition Government he was working on problems of post-war reconstruction.

His appointment as Lord Privy Seal will give him freedom from particular departmental duties, and authority to shape the broad outlines of a unified economic policy.

Critics Now Responsible

THE TWO MAJOR HEADACHES inherited from the last Government are now the responsibility of Churchill's bitterest critics.

At the Ministry of Health Aneurin Bevan will have to roll up his sleeves and tackle housing at once.

There is no time to wait for the framing of special Bills and the extensive Civil Service reorganisation which would be necessary to set up a special Ministry of Housing.

"I COULD HARDLY RESTRAIN TEARS OF GRATITUDE"

writes Mr. D. Davidson, of Parkhead, Glasgow, in acknowledging Cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance following a fire at his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £1,000 Fire insurance as well as many other invaluable Household Benefits.

Operation—Housing

Labour is pledged to deal with housing in the spirit of a war-time operation.

Three things are needed: land, materials, workmen.

The labour force is to be increased to a million and a quarter, and training centres established in various parts of the country to teach new recruits.

Good. If we can train men to fight at short notice, we can train them to build.

No Obstruction

The provision of materials may require the breaking of the price rings, which operate to keep them in short supply.

Private arrangements between manufacturers were set aside for the construction of "Mulberry," and they must be set aside again.

Landowners will also have to give up their hopes of big windfalls. Civil service officials are already wiping the accumulated dust from the Uthwatt, Scott and Barlow reports.

Land will be requisitioned. The houses will be built.

Third Time Lucky

Twice before, Emanuel Shinwell has been Secretary for Mines. As long ago as 1924 he put forward a scheme for Government control of coal. But both then and 1930 the Labour Government was a minority Government, and nothing could be done.

Now, as Minister for Fuel and Power, he has a majority of hundreds behind him.

Things will begin to move.

Brilliant Choice

FEW TRADE UNION leaders have had more experience and success in negotiation than George Isaacs, of the National Society of Operative Printers and Assistants.

His choice for the Ministry of Labour is one of the most brilliant on the whole of Mr. Attlee's list.

Education Ellen

LESS OBVIOUS, but almost equally brilliant, is the selection of Ellen Wilkinson for Education.

Small, red-headed, pugnacious, unconventional, she is the last woman in the

world to be mistaken for a schoolmistress.

For that reason alone we may expect her to bring a breath of fresh air into our stuffy and lopsided system of education.

For that reason, and because nobody knows better than Ellen how much talent and ability among the workers' children is wasted every year from lack of proper opportunities.

Son of the Soil

TOM WILLIAMS is not new to the Ministry of Agriculture. He joined it first as Parliamentary Private Secretary in 1924, and was back again as Parliamentary Secretary in 1939.

He is a Yorkshireman and a son of the soil, and can be counted on to know the difficulties of the farm labourer, as well as the problems of the farmers themselves.

From Cabs to Food

SIR BEN SMITH, the new Minister of Food, began life as a London cab-driver, and when petrol came, turned over to taxis.

For years he fought for the taximen's right to drive through the hallowed precincts of Hyde Park. When the case was won, he drove the first cab in person between long lines of cheering supporters.

Food?—He is a Liveryman of the City of London Bakers' Company, and (more important) was an outstanding success as Minister of Supply in Washington.

The Last, We Hope

MR. PETHWICK LAWRENCE may well be the last Secretary of State for India, if the Labour Party succeeds in loosening the deadlock that has for so long stood in the way of Indian Self-Government.

His is one of the best brains in the Labour Party, and he will be a fine acquisition to the House of Lords. But besides being a financial genius, he is well known for his unfailing sympathy with the under dog.

Already he enjoys the respect of the Indian leaders and a wide popularity among all classes there.

Making Stalin Laugh

ERNEST BEVIN, in the few days he was at Potsdam, made a profound impression at the conference table.

His bulk in itself was imposing. His quick grasp of affairs and his power of rapid decision were welcomed not only by the British delegation, but by our Allies as well.

He will also go down in history as the first British Foreign Secretary to succeed in making Stalin laugh.

New Diplomatic Star

One of the most satisfactory results of the Potsdam Conference is the decision to house the Conference of Foreign Ministers permanently in London.

There is reason to hope that the atmosphere of the British Capital will be cleaner and less fog-bound than Geneva.

When Conference opens at the beginning of next month, Philip Noël-Baker will step in to the limelight of World Politics.

Potsdam and After

His appointment as Minister of State will make him Bevin's lieutenant at the Foreign Office.

There could not have been a better choice. For years he has followed European affairs with a close and critical eye.

He will bring both detailed knowledge and fairness of mind to the task of implementing the decisions of the Big Three at Potsdam—decisions which point the way to a hard but just and lasting peace.

Search for a King

IN SPAIN our new Ambassador, Sir Victor Mallet, is reported to have spoken bluntly to Franco, and made it

BRINGING THEM DOWN TO EARTH

quite clear that Britain at least is not deceived by his pretence of democratic sympathies. The American representative is believed to have done some similar plain talking.

Spain will have to toe the line in other respects, too. Franco's Government has been very unco-operative in the old problem of the international drug traffic.

It has been importing drugs far in excess of its normal requirements, and it has failed to send in proper reports to the International Control.

Of all the countries in the world, only Japan has systematically refused to enforce the agreements.

We have put up far too long with Franco's imitations of Mussolini and Hitler. We are not going to let him start at this stage imitating the Japanese.

Japan's Tough Spot

THE RELENTLESS and systematic bombing of Japan during recent weeks inevitably recalls what happened in Europe before June 6, 1944. The astonishing thing has been the lack of serious Japanese opposition.

Day after day British and American bombers have attacked aerodromes and factories, harbours, shipping and internal communications, and hardly met a single Japanese plane. Battleships, cruisers and destroyers sailed over and again within sight of the coast bombarding the fortifications, and hardly a shot was fired in reply.

The Japanese are in a tough spot, and they know it. But they are not yet beaten. They are holding their hosses.

Suicide Squads

At the Philippines Tojo waited till the Allies had a huge invasion fleet off the Luzon coast—a sitting target. Then they sent their navy down in strength.

It was beaten by the magnificent courage of Adm. Halsey's American and Australian squadron. But it was touch and go.

At Okinawa Tojo tried the same method with his suicide bombers, waiting till the last moment, and then letting them loose in force. The Americans lost sixty ships, and the highest naval casualties of the Pacific war.

These are the tactics of the cornered rat But they are still formidable. And on every battlefield from the Owen Stanley Range to the Plains of Manipur the Japanese have shown themselves the fiercest cornered rats in history.

Envoy of Surrender?

Meanwhile, Hiroshi Oshima, the Japanese ambassador in Berlin, has been captured by American intelligence officers and taken to the United States.

Bull-necked and conceited, Oshima was held in high honour by Hitler and his Nazi colleagues. He was given every opportunity to study in detail the course of the war in Europe. He became more and more impressed by the overwhelming strength of the Allied Forces.

Now he wants to be allowed to go back to Japan and persuade Kaiso that the game is up.

Three Great Generals

THE EIGHTH ARMY is disbanded. The long trek from Alamein to Vienna is over.

British troops have moved into Schönbrünn, one of the loveliest palaces in Europe, pride of the Hapsburgs, where Napoleon dictated his terms after the victory of Wagram-Essling.

Of the three great commanders of the "Desert Rats," Wavell is viceroy of India, Auchenleck is his Commander-in-Chief. Alexander has been appointed Governor-General of Canada.

Let us hope the rank and file, when they get their civvies, will be equally well suited.

N.B., Doctors

IN TAVISTOCK SQUARE, officials of the British Medical Association are scratching their heads and trying to think again.

After well over a year of wangling and discussion, public protest and private negotiation, the embattled doctors had succeeded in whittling down the Beveridge scheme for a National Health Service to little more than a mild extension of the old panel system.

The Labour Government means to have a real National Health Service, in which prevention is more important than cure, and the latest discoveries of Medical Science are available as of right to the whole community.

Doctors, take note.

For the Forces

THE END OF HOSTILITIES in Europe has meant, if anything, more work for the Y.M.C.A.

Soldiering at any time is nine-tenths boredom. Life in an army of occupation lacks even the occasional interludes of desperate effort, danger and battle.

The facilities for reading and recreation which the Y.M.C.A. offers, its club rooms and its meetings, help to fill the gaps of an intolerable tedium.

They are of immense value to our armies in Germany to-day. In the wastes of the Pacific and the jungles of Burma, they may for months at a stretch be the only reminder our boys ever have of home. They could teach the official welfare people quite a lot.

Producer for England

DAVID OLIVER SELZNICK, who has just agreed to produce pictures in England for Arthur Rank, is one of the youngest and most successful of the leading Hollywood producers.

Now forty-three, he started life as a publicity man, then an advertisement copywriter, and later a scenario writer. He became an associate producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at the age of twenty-four, and made "Gone With the Wind" when he was thirty-six. He has a large interest in the small but politically important film company, United Artists—whose other members include Charles Chaplin and Mary Pickford.

Demobbed

LT.-COL. DAVID NIVEN, fresh from active service in France, Holland, Belgium and Germany, is back in civvy street. Niven was the first of the English stars in Hollywood to join up and come to Europe. He was over here within a few days of war breaking out. He proved a first-class soldier, and at one time commanded a squadron of the Mounted Reconnaissance Regiment.

Since war began, he has refused many offers to star in British films, and has made only two pictures—both dealing with Service life.

Pointedly enough, British exhibitors say that his war record has helped his box-office value. He is now a bigger star than in the days when he was making three films a year in Hollywood.

Dead-End Cricket

WHAT ARE WE GOING to do for Test cricketers? Clearly they don't just grow on bushes.

What we want is more opportunities and competent coaching for the hundreds of boys in the towns, who have only clay pitches or rough grass to play on, and only natural aptitude to help them, combined with their own determination to improve.

Jack Hobbs once confessed that the memory of some of the pitches he played on made him shudder. How many town boys ever do get the chance to play on a pitch which doesn't make the ball as dangerous as a hand-grenade?

Pool the Proceeds

FOOTBALL FINANCES are in a worse position than ever. How many clubs will be able to meet the expenses of putting their grounds in proper order again?

It's time the Football Association had its share of the vast amounts of money taken by the pools. One club director has suggested that the copyright in the fixtures might be sold to the pools promoters for £250,000 a year.

The pools are the obvious answer to football's everlasting overdraft.

Pigeons at Home

IT'S SURPRISING how many people are interested in homing—pigeon racing to you.

Thousands of pigeons are being demobbed after their valuable war service, and already one or two big races have been held this year; £22,000 was raised for the Red Cross.

Next year some of the big events from France will be resumed.

George Duckworth, the old Lancashire and England wicket-keeper, is an enthusiastic breeder of homers. He finds it not only a fascinating hobby but a paying business as well.

The House of Commons now forms a cross section of British life says CLIFFORD TROKE—lifelong member of the Labour Party

Jean Mann | Fred Messer | Dr. Stephen Taylor | Benn Levy | Florence Paton | John Lewis | Noel Baker | J. H. Jones

THE PEOPLE TAKE OVER

"The Lords, who are authorised by virtue of His Majesty's Commission to declare the opening of Parliament, desire the presence of this honourable House in the House of Peers, to hear the Commission read."

THE WORDS, spoken by Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, his coming heralded by the traditional three knocks, belong both in substance and manner to time long past.

Yet now they invoke the future.

The Members form in procession, Morrison and Churchill first. No words passed between them, say the onlookers. And then the others: Ministers, Privy Councillors, rank and file.

Here are the People

These men, our servants and our rulers, went to receive the King's Commission. They had already received ours.

For we, the People of England, have spoken. The pencilled crosses, 25,000,000 of them, have to-day become flesh and blood.

New blood, too. It's here in plenty. The policemen in Westminster Yard will be frowning over new faces for days to come. Mr. Speaker has begged the indulgence of Honourable Members if his memory at first proves unequal to the task of recognition. For in this year of grace, 1945, we have a new House of Commons, commissioned to build a new Britain as part of a new world.

The wise have long been sceptical of the new. "The more it changes, the more it is the same," said the cynical Frenchman. What hope have we, watching the new House file past, that the sessions ahead will prove the age-old cynicism untrue?

The People are in power, but who are the People?

The Tories always said *they* were.

"What is the Tory Party, unless it represents national feeling?" asked Disraeli eighty years ago.

Yet look at the Labour Members—400 men and women in whose hands we have placed our fate. Look at them closely, scan their faces, their manner, their records. Then you will say: "Change has come at last to Britain. The People have taken over. They are here."

Socialism at Breakfast

Labour is a young Party. Their average age in the old House was 56; now it is not much over 40—that's pretty young as M.P.s go.

They are a varied Party, drawn from every walk of life. One of them's a viscount, for instance—for the name of Viscount Corvedale hides the identity of Oliver Baldwin, new Member for Paisley, son of Lord Baldwin, whose pipe and pigs were once such ill-starred symbols of British calm.

The father never really understood what made the son a Socialist. "Too much discussion at the breakfast table," he's reported to have guessed.

Only one viscount, but thirty-five miners, men who've most of them worked at the coal face, sweat draining the salt from their bodies, the oily glitter of the seam stabbing at their eyes.

Thirty-three teachers, three ministers of religion, four "boot and shoe" men, twenty-two engineers.

A famous playwright, some twenty journalists, a steel smelter, a fair sprinkling of doctors.

Yes, they're a mixed crowd all right.

The unions, backbone of the Labour Movement, are solidly represented. About 119 of the new House had direct trade union backing, but there are many other union Members who were sponsored by local parties. Well over half the Parliamentary Party are trades unionist, which is as it should be, but the proportion of union officials is rather less than at the Dissolution—which is also as it should be, for professionalism, in politics as in all other spheres, benefits much from balancing with the non-professional mind.

Examining the wide range of knowledge and skill which the Party brings to its task, you get at once this feeling of balance.

Smelter Teams with Inventor

Take Bolton, for example: Jones, J. H. (Lab.), says the list; Lewis, J. (Lab.)—two Labour gains from Conservative. But let's look behind the names and the bald statement of victory. There's a story here.

John Henry Jones, of Irlam, steel smelter for thirty-two years, ex-Serviceman of the last war, five children with the Forces, active trades unionist since he was sixteen.

There's the traditional Labour Party at its best.

And now John Lewis—managing director of Rubber Improvement, Ltd. . . .

An odd couple to find bracketed Labour at the head of the poll? Not a bit of it. John Lewis has been twenty years in the Labour Movement—joined the League of Youth in his teens. The same keen brain that has taken him to the top in rubber technology—he's joint inventor of a rubber substitute approved by Air Ministry, Admiralty and War Office, and many of our airfield runways owe their success to a secret process on which he did much of the work—the same keen brain that did these things turned naturally to Socialism.

Here's a fine alliance between the old tried, tested Labour Party and the new; here is a small-scale picture of the balanced team that's going to reshape the world.

For Labour has changed with the march of progress. The young technologists are in our ranks, the engineers, the production men. In the old days the Tories were landowners and company directors who looked at industry in terms of profit, and the Labour men were unionists who, rightly enough, saw life in terms of wages.

But life is not profits and wages: it is, rather, production and distribution. And these new young men, the production specialists, see it from this slant.

Not how much profits can we get, or how much wages—but how can we so harness the vast might of science that there may be plenty and to spare for all?

The same thought runs through all the new young minds Labour has brought to Westminster.

Young doctors like Stephen Taylor of Barnet, who think not of curing ailments but of spreading health; young journalists like Barbara Castle, now M.P. for Blackburn, who, at thirty-three, can meet the housing experts on their own ground; young Servicemen like twenty-five-year-old Noel Baker, Intelligence Corps Captain (son of Philip Noel Baker of League of Nations and Transport Ministry fame), who walked off with a "safe" Tory seat at Chiswick—to the horror of a local bigwig, who said: "I'd rather Hitler won than this. . . ."

These men and women see life not through Party spectacles or traditional economic dogma, but through the new philosophy of production, summed up by Norman Smith, victor of South Nottingham, in "The Politics of Plenty," a small book with a big theme.

Here are men and women to whom "the working classes" are not a mythical monster, to be bullied or humoured as occasion serves—the typical Tory view. They themselves have worked. They know what it means.

Meet Mrs. Jean Mann of Lanarkshire, authority on the Rent Acts—daughter of a Glasgow iron-moulder, housewife with five children. At ten years old she was up at 5 a.m. to do a milk-round. She's new to the House, and so is Mrs. Florence Paton, Member for Rushcliffe—"teacher and housewife" she describes herself.

Ernie's Choice

If you want a typical old hand to balance the new, consider Fred Messer of South Tottenham, twenty years a french polisher, hero of the furniture workers' fight. Fred was Ernie Bevin's right-hand man—Ernie knows how to pick them.

Then, for contrast, playwright Benn Levy, new Member for Eton, husband of film star Constance Cummings (brains as well as beauty), publisher, Public School and University man, R.A.F. in the last war, naval rating in this. Promoted, wounded, decorated—Benn has been through the mill. He'll speak for the Forces—he knows.

About one Labour Member in three is a Serviceman. Lieut.-General Mason-Macfarlane, a brilliant top-ranking professional soldier, Governor of Gibraltar 1942-44, is that rarity, the progressive brass-hat. George Rogers, who beat a couple of captains in North Kensington, is a Royal Signals corporal ex-railwayman—and a good example of brains and guts in the "other ranks."

With men like these to watch their interests Servicemen can take new heart.

The King's Commission to the Commons has been read. They're filing back into the Chamber. Here they stand at the Bar of History—a cross-section of the People of Britain—who have "taken over."

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. Bert Aylwood,

"Docks Progressive Committee".

DEAR SIR,—For more than two months your "go slow" policy has seriously delayed the work of turning ships round in the Port of London. Last month no fewer than ten vessels lay idle in the Surrey Docks.

Their cargoes of timber and food were urgently needed on shore. The ships themselves were even more urgently needed to carry supplies to our Armed Forces in the Far East and to the starving peoples of Europe.

There is little doubt that you have a genuine grievance. Your strenuous work in difficult and dangerous circumstances did much to hasten the defeat of Germany. It is unreasonable that the first reward of victory should be an immediate and drastic cut in your pay.

The majority of people in this country will sympathise with your case. But they cannot sympathise with your method of seeking redress. And that goes for all—not only the dockers—who are on strike or threaten to strike.

Why turn your back on your own trade union, which has done so much to improve conditions in the past? Why refuse at least to try out the established machinery of negotiation?

The war in Europe is over. But we still have the Japs to beat. And we have the longer and even tougher task ahead of rebuilding our battered country, reorganising old industries, establishing new ones, and laying the foundations of British prosperity in what looks like being a highly competitive world.

It's not going to be easy. It will take bold and far-sighted planning, which we look to the new Labour Government to provide. It will also take hard work. We cannot afford to go slow. We have too much to lose—and too much to gain.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Lawrence Abel,

Harley Street Surgeon

DEAR SIR,—I cannot agree with you that all ex-Ministers of Health should be hanged from London lamp-posts. But I do agree that they share in the general responsibility for the death of 600 children a year in this country—children who die as a result of drinking milk infected with the germs of tuberculosis.

Infected milk is not only sold freely; it is, in many places, supplied regularly to children at school.

This must stop. As a short-term measure all untested milk sold to the public should first be pasteurised to kill the germs. It should be made a criminal offence to sell infected milk for liquid consumption.

But the real cure lies in weeding out infected herds and breeding a race of healthy cows whose milk is free of disease germs from the start.

It is a big job. But it has been done in America and New Zealand and elsewhere, and it should long since have been done here.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Arthur Calwell,

Australian Minister for Immigration

DEAR SIR,—The people of Britain welcome your statement on Australian plans to promote immigration.

Many of our Servicemen want to settle in the Dominions when they are demobilised, but up to now all their inquiries meet with the same answer: We don't know what permits will be granted, or when or to whom.

It is good to know that Australia wants immigrants; that she proposes to take 70,000 a year; that she will offer homes to 50,000 war orphans; and that she wants British firms to set up new industries in Australia and bring workmen with them.

But two years is a long time to wait. The orphans are orphans now. Demobilisation in this country has begun. Couldn't you take a risk and start your schemes now?

And what hope is there of the other Dominions following suit?—JOHN BULL.

Dr. Guy Dain,

President, British Medical Association

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am glad you have drawn attention to the shortage of civilian doctors in Britain and the possibility of easing the situation by more rapid demobilisation.

It is true that our Fighting Services in the Far East need more medical men, and that there is still no lack of work for Army doctors on the Continent.

Nevertheless, since the fighting in Europe ceased an

Five-and-a-half years hard work, but the Japanese have still to surrender

increasing number of Service doctors are left with very little to do, and that of the most routine kind. In some units, though their strength has been halved by demobilisation, the number of doctors has been doubled!

With doctors at home seriously overworked, the remedy seems obvious. As many medical men as possible should be released from the Services, and they should be released quickly.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Ben Smith,

Minister of Food

DEAR SIR,—If it is true that the food situation in this country is worse than the "Caretaker Government" was prepared to reveal before the election, then let us have the facts now.

We want to know what we have to face this winter. Will the meat ration be cut? Will there be even less bacon and butter and lard?

If so, why? Is it really lack of supplies in America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Argentine? Is it lack of shipping? Can anything be done to remedy the situation even at this late date?

Before we tighten our belts to face the peace, we want to know.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

Potted Thinking

FEW PEOPLE CAN FOLLOW a sustained and serious argument.

Admittedly, it is not an easy thing to do. It implies quite a lot of knowledge. You have to understand what you are reading or what you are hearing, or you can never get the hang of it. Moreover, it implies a considerable ability to concentrate, to hold the attention along a certain definite line, to prevent the mind wandering off to other topics, and along other lines.

It is a thing that can only be attained by continuous practice.

The trouble is that to-day we are encouraged on all hands to indulge in a sort of "potted thinking." We are led by newspapers, magazines, films, wireless, and by nearly every influence round us, to regard scraps as our staple mental diet.

There is only one cure for this potted thinking, and that is to do some real reading and thinking.

It may be a good novel, a good story, a book on politics, on economics, on religion; it doesn't matter what it is, but it should be solid, and it should be well written. You should take a daily dose of such a book for the good of your mind, just as you take a daily dose of exercise for the good of your body.

That way, and that way alone, you can make yourself an independent thinker, able to think coherently and continuously, and turn a deaf ear and a blind mental eye to all the propagandists in the world.

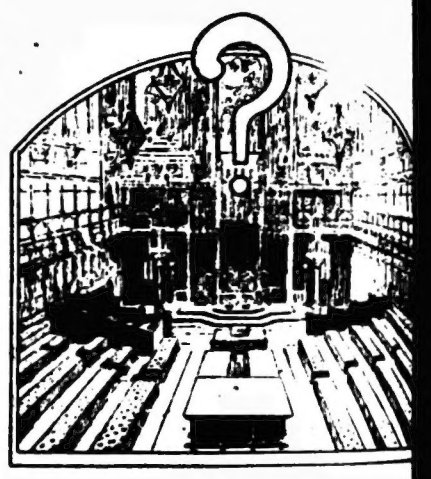
Argument

SHOULD LABOUR ABOLISH THE LORDS?

DARE we risk obstruction from the Second Chamber?

yes

1. In a true democracy birth should never confer privilege.
2. The Parliament Act of 1911 permits the peers to hold up any Bill save a financial measure for three sessions—at least two years.
3. The preamble to this Act promises to make the Second Chamber "popular" rather than hereditary, a promise never honoured in 30 years' Tory rule.
4. Though some men are made peers for ability—great lawyers, for example—many are suspected of buying their titles—the ennobled



brewers used to be called the "Beerage."

5. Out of 770 peers, about a dozen are Labour, only one a Trade Union leader!
6. The last big turn-up of "backwoodsmen" (absentee peers) was to weaken a "save the crops" Bill forcing deer owners to fence their forests.
7. For 30 years the Lords have interfered very little, since Tory Governments have been mostly in power. If they hinder Labour their powers must be ended.

no

1. England is not republican. Throne and peerage cannot be separated. The King is "*primus inter pares*"—first among his peers.
2. Our Constitution is based on a system of balances. The legislating body is elected, but a second body, free from the pressure of a possibly impulsive electorate, can enforce time for reflection.
3. The complete independence of view found in our peers has proved invaluable to British policy.
4. When the King grew too powerful the peers resisted him. Their use is not ended. Suppose Trade Union leaders become too powerful?
5. The House of Lords has always been jealous of the rights of the subject, protecting them against infringement by kings or politicians.
6. Delay for reflection is not obstruction. If any systematic sabotage were attempted, sufficient peers could be created to give Labour a majority in the House of Lords.
7. Labour has no mandate to tamper with the British Constitution, the finest in the world.

What the Pétain Trial Means

by A. G. GARDINER

Pétain—foolish, weak defeatist; Laval best-hated Frenchman of his time: these are not the worst enemies of our great neighbour. The real canker lies much deeper

THE TRIAL OF PETAIN opens the chapter of retribution for the betrayal of France. It will be a long chapter and a painful chapter.

There will be more sinister figures in it than Pétain. The infamous Laval now at last safely under lock and key, for example.

But the case of Pétain stands by itself. The Darlans and Deats and Doriots are the type of knaves that are the curse of every country in a time of convulsion.

Not so Pétain. He was the hero of Verdun, next to Clemençeau and Foch, the one reputable figure that emerged in France from the first World War. His patriotism was unquestioned, and in its hour of desperate need the nation turned to him to save it.

He became the head of the State, and as the head of the State he betrayed France, and as the head of the State he has been tried for treason.

Judgment Will Make History

The event is historic. Not since the head of Louis XVI fell on the guillotine in Paris a century and a half ago has anything comparable with this trial occurred in Europe, or, indeed, in the world.

Many monarchs and dictators have been dethroned or assassinated, but not since then has a head of a State, monarchical or republican, been brought formally to trial on the charge of treason to the nation over which he has ruled.

And though we may hope that considerations of mercy for his advanced age may save him from the final penalty, the judgment will stand in the pages of history as a warning against treason in high places.

Two fold Offence

In regard to his guilt there can be no question. It is true that, according to the old distich:

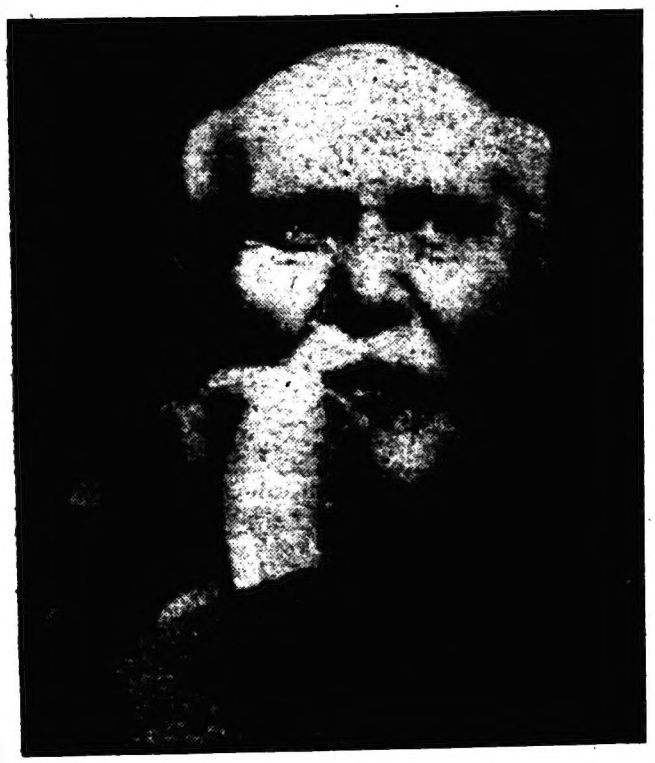
"Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
Why, if it prosper's none dare call it treason."

The crime in a legal sense is dependent on circumstances. Marlborough was undoubtedly guilty of treason in one sense, when, being sent by James II to oppose William of Orange, he deserted with his army to the invader He was a traitor to his King.

But he was not guilty of treason to the nation, for the nation overwhelmingly approved his action. He betrayed the lesser loyalty to the greater.

By that test of popular will, Pétain, and still more, Laval, were criminally guilty. They knowingly betrayed the nation.

When in the days of his power Laval was warned by a friend that 95 per cent. of the French people were against his pro-German



Cornered and accused, Petain realises that the game is up

policy, he replied, sardonically: "No, not 95 per cent., but 98 per cent."

Pétain had not the brazen impudence of Laval, but his treachery to France was no less naked and deliberate. In one sense it was more base. For, while Laval knew that he was distrusted, Pétain knew that he had risen to power because the people of France believed he was a loyal Frenchman and an honourable man.

His offence was twofold. He betrayed France to the enemy without, and he sabotaged the liberty of France within. To the first indictment, he offered some defence. To the second, he had neither defence nor excuse.

Reactionary and Defeatist

He claimed that in all his dealings with Hitler from the Armistice onwards he was acting in what he thought were the interests of France. He may believe this, for he was obviously, not only an old man, but a very stupid man.

What is certain is that his conception of the interests of France was overshadowed by his habitual defeatism and his reactionary sympathies. Under the influence of these twin dispositions he led France to the slaughter.

But whatever reality there was in his answer to the first indictment, his guilt in the second was unqualified. By an unblushing *coup d'état* he abolished the Republic and substituted a dictatorship, with himself as dictator and with Laval as the evil power behind the throne.

The facts of the betrayal are indisputable. The law passed on July 16, 1940, gave full power "*to the Government of the Republic*, under the authority of Marshal Pétain."

Wayward and Incalculable People

This, as M. Herriot stated in his evidence, implied that the Republic was to continue. The constitutional Acts issued by Pétain on the following day and a series of subsequent actions and decisions "abolished, not merely the name and fact of the Republic, but all its symbols."

What is the clue to this tragedy of a great people? Intellectually and spiritually there is no nation that takes precedence over the French. Without them, European civilisation would be robbed of its vivacity, its colour and most of its passion for the humanities and the arts and graces of life.

Yet with all these qualities there is a lack of stability in the nation, that leaves it a prey in times of storm and stress to internal disruption.

It does not, mercifully, goose-step with the robot-like mechanism of the German. Still less has it that docility of temper that makes the Germans the regimented slaves of authority in a uniform.

Its vices are quite the contrary. It is explosive, individualistic, defiant of authority, and subject to violent disturbances that make it wayward and incalculable in action.

Before the Revolution both Voltaire and Arthur Young attributed the evils of France entirely to Government, and Voltaire, coming to England to discover the secret of our stability, found it in our constitutional system.

The French Revolution of 1789, it was hoped, would do for France what our "blessed Revolution of 1688" had done for England.

But Napoleon's *coup d'état* torpedoed the Revolution, and for a hundred and fifty years the history of France has been a search after that ideal constitution which would satisfy the people and stabilise the State.

But the search has been vain. Empire has succeeded republic and monarchy has succeeded Empire. Back to republic; then another spell of Empire. Then a long, but weary return of the republic.

Now a Napoleon is in, now a Bourbon, and always "legitimate" claimants hovering on the horizon, with occasional intruders like Boulanger or Pétain suggesting a variation of the theme in the direction of dictatorship.

In contrast with this stormy record of *coups d'état*, revolutions and unrest, how fortunate has been our own experience.

Our constitution, evolving through the centuries, and reaching bedrock under the wisest monarch, Dutch William, this country ever had, has kept the nation for two centuries and a half on an even keel.

British Parliament, European Example

No revolution has disturbed our peaceful development. The monarchy has become incorporated in our self-governing system, and our flexible Parliamentary rule has adjusted itself to all the changing conditions of the modern world.

If Voltaire could revisit the glimpses of our moon now he would still find much in us to satirise. But he would find, also, that in the art of government we still had much to teach his own country.

And we cannot doubt that there is no wish he would more devoutly entertain on behalf of that country than that, out of the agonies of these years, it should extract a system of government as just, flexible and enduring as our own. May that wish be fulfilled, is the hope of every lover of France.

Jobs with a load

There is a snag in almost every job. Some of the snags are very big—big enough to make the worker fight shy of his job. Yet the mischief in the job can be and must be eradicated. We look after the machine with minute care—why not handle the human machine with greater consideration?

John Bull investigates

NO MATTER HOW UGLY, repulsive and malformed the human body may in time become, it arrives in this world as a baby of pleasing and even beautiful appearance. Slowly but inevitably this little body takes the shape, colour and even the smell of its owner's trade or calling.

The children who grow up to become miners potters or agricultural labourers will look so different that you can spot their trades immediately by glancing at them.

The conscription of millions of men and women for military service only provides the scientific observer with a huge new field of investigation. Each candidate's statement as to his trade was confirmed by medical examination.

If he was a coal miner, the doctor would immediately detect extensive blue scars and markings in various parts of the body. These indelible "trade marks" cannot be washed away with soap and water; they are the scars that have healed up full of coal dust—every collier has them.

The miner develops many attributes of the mole, living and working for half his life in total darkness, save for his lamp, in an atmosphere of filth and discomfort. He eats his food underground and breathes the air laden with coal dust that ultimately kills him.

Small wonder that the miner falls prey to silicosis and tuberculosis when he works in this thoroughly unhealthy atmosphere, scarcely ever seeing the sun or the green fields.

Sherlock Holmes, if he were conducting our imaginary medical board, would spot at once the potter, the boiler-maker, the printer, or the agricultural labourer.

"The potter?—elementary, my dear Watson," he would reply. "Observe the man's hands, they are your surest guide—examine his hands, fingers and forearms."

The potter, whose hands and arms work all day in a stone-cold sloppy mass of clay, is liable to all sorts of rheumatic disorders. In the older workers we see the typical nodular rheumatic enlargement of the knuckles and, as well as the huge development of the thumb and forearm muscles, the curious smoothness of the fingertips. This overgrowth is caused by constant handling of the clay, while the smoothness results from the endless spinning of the clay against the fingers.

The boiler-maker is a "snip" to diagnose. If he has been on the job very long he will, more than likely, be stone deaf. It is a ghastly thought that men in this particular job are content to grow slowly deafer and deafer as the result of the din in which they work.

The printer cannot be immediately recognised by the ingrained staining of his fingers. But if you examine your "specimen man" carefully for dermatitis you can be fairly sure that he has some connection with the handling of printers' ink.

We have yet to discover why the men who actually *make* printers' ink suffer far less than those who perpetually handle the ink in the printing processes—the latter are martyrs to dermatitis.

Sewer-workers, rat-catchers, canal-workers and brick-cleaners were once particularly prone to (Spirocaetal) jaundice. Then some researcher pointed out that it was a rat-borne disease, and, since rats habitually breed where these workers spend their days, it followed that the rats were infecting them. War was declared on the rats and the jaundice casualties dropped dramatically.

The agricultural worker has a job that many of us have envied in fine weather, but which few would care to take on in the depth of winter. Here is an outdoor job of extreme strain and discomfort.

The agricultural worker has to lift and carry great loads, work in the most exacting postures in all weathers. His face and hands are tanned and weatherbeaten, he becomes splay-footed, suffers from varicose veins and hernia, while his finger-nails become coarsened and inditched permanently with soil.

If a man came to our medical board and claimed to be a flax-worker, Sherlock Holmes would promptly ask: "Do you suffer from bronchitis?" If the man said "No," we would examine him to see whether he was one of the lucky ones doing this work, who had escaped.

Bronchitis is the scourge of the flax-spinning industry—up to 70 per cent. of the workers eventually go down with it.

When will the watchmaker, or any mechanical precision worker for that matter, wake up to the fact that he is putting an abnormal strain on his eyes, face muscles and spine, as he sits over his work? Most precision workers of this type have a definite lop-sided distortion of the face from holding the lens in the eye. Many have acute spinal curvature as the result of their posture as they sit at work.

When a worker takes employment in a factory he has the absolute right to safeguard his health, his safety and his welfare. It rests largely with him to force official attention to the risks and incapacities that are thrust upon him.

Dust, the great enemy, is conquered in some jobs like grinding and polishing, but allowed a free hand in iron foundries and certain abrasive work.

Pneumatic tool workers often develop a condition called the "dead hand"—a sort of slow paralysis caused by the incessant and violent vibration of their drills. The scientist must come to the rescue, the legislators must provide adequate compensation. But, above all, the Government must take as much care of the worker's body as it does of his machine.

Prevention and remediation are far better than a life pension for hands that are useless.

The only worthwhile publications on industrial wash-rooms were produced in 1938 by the German National Socialists. We just have not bothered with such things.

It is high time we did, for if a man cannot keep clean he won't live long.

The miner works, eats and lives in an atmosphere of coal dust ...

Small wonder he falls prey to T.B. and silicosis

The potter's hands and arms are constantly wet and cold ...

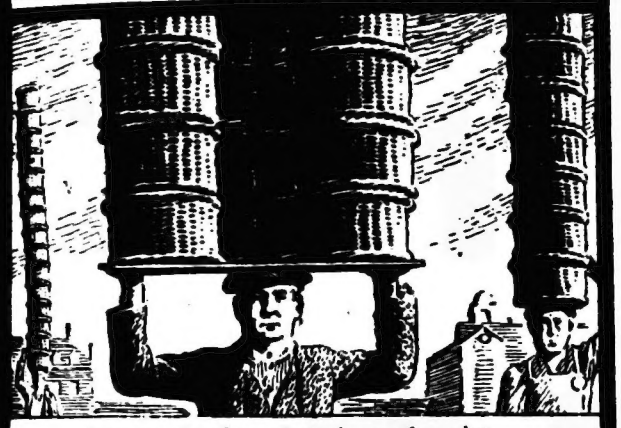
His rheumatic swellings show the marks of his calling

Farm workers cannot be envied

The office worker is hunched up indoors in a poor light

...mischief

His eyes, face muscles and spine are abnormally strained



An example of great strain on the spine

Lifting weights all day causes internal trouble

John Bull recommends

That the following factors directly affecting health, ...mfort and output receive more attention.

1. FATIGUE.—A twelve-hour day does not auto-...atically produce 50 per cent. greater output than an ...ght-hour day. Only constant and effective supervision ... all workers to check and detect symptoms of strain ...n produce healthy and productive employment.

2. LIGHTING.—Adequate lighting means the ...sence of glare and the presence of comfort.

3. TEMPERATURE. — The ideal temperature ...nge is 65-69 deg. Fahr. A worker's output and his ...ability to accidents are directly affected by the over- ... under-heated conditions in which he works.

4. VENTILATION.—This vital factor is still of ...ry little concern in thousands of offices where the ...dentary workers sit all day in a foetid, over-heated ...mosphere.

5. ACCIDENTS.—Every University should estab-...sh Chairs in Social Medicine. Doctors are largely ...norant of it as a subject since they have never taken ... in the subjects for their degree. Many factory ...O.s are frustrated in their work by the fact that they ...se their jobs if they are too outspoken.

That no trade where the worker's body undergoes ...rtain known (or unknown) risks and strains shall go ...investigated. That immediate steps be taken to ...medy these faults by exercises, corrective movements ...nd fresh air therapy before the worker becomes ...hronically and incurably ill or deformed.

THE NEW WORLD IS HERE

says HANNEN SWAFFER

Men and women of every class united to elect a Socialist Government, and in so doing have given democracy its finest hour

THE OLD WORLD, which died in 1940, although those who believed in it did not know, was buried amid the jeers of a nation when Britain went to the polls.

Not even Churchill, who was unaware of the death of Traditionalism and Privilege, could any longer delay its funeral.

That is the real meaning of the General Election

What shape the New World will take is now in the hands of a preponderate Labour Government. Its Ministers can give it health and strength—or they can cripple its childhood and stunt its growth.

Defeating all Dictators

But, for good or ill, it is already born, a raucous and lusty infant demanding nourishment and sustenance.

Its well-wisners consist of all the people of every rank and class who, for personal or altruistic motives, demand for the masses a fuller share of life—good education for every child, constant employment at good wages for every adult, and security from want for every unwanted or aged worker. Upon nothing else can a State be built.

I wonder if you know what brought about Labour's overwhelming victory. . . .

It was an end of the personal ascendancy of one man who, had he been re-elected to power, would have been a virtual dictator.

"This brings personal government to an end in Britain," declared Ernest Bevin.

It meant the destruction, for ever, of pre-war Toryism, which can only be reborn in a modern form not far removed from Liberalism of the Beveridge pattern.

It was a proof of the nation's disgust with Caste and Pride.

Also, it showed that our people were resolved to befriend the Soviet Union instead of Franco's Spain, to side with the struggling democracies instead of supporting the decayed monarchies of Greece, Italy and Yugoslavia.

Never since 1906, when Asquith kicked out Balfour and the social services were planned in Lloyd George's brain, had there been such a defeat inflicted on those who sat in the seats of the mighty.

Then, though, the House of Lords stood in the way, blocking Bill after Bill. This time, the Upper Chamber is robbed of its power to do more than delay progress. If it does even that, however, it will risk its own continuance even as a debating chamber.

Victory at Home and Abroad

The people have spoken—and with such a resolve that, if we are wisely led, we can travel a half-century's journey in five years.

They have done more, however, than express their will. They have done it with a spiritual exaltation greater than any this country has ever before experienced.

"I saw in the Welsh villages when the poll was declared," said a re-elected M.P., who, being a Liberal, was impartial, "a new hope among the poor. Many of them had lived until that day, in a feudal system. Now, at last, they were free."

In many backward villages still run by Squiredom farm workers dared, for the first time, to vote against the Tory.

The election's result means, in Britain, an intense war on homelessness, a remedy for the coal scandal, and planning for the towns and for the chaotic transport system. It means cheap electricity for the countryside.

Abroad, it will almost inevitably happen that the struggling democracies will follow the British way of democracy and not be driven into the arms of Communism.

Only if you saw, as I did, the eager faces at the Labour meetings, could you sense the new spirit that had been quickened in the souls of millions and become aware of the intelligence shown in the questions from young folk eager to learn.

And only if you saw the Socialist candidates could you realise the degree to which men and women of every class and high-ranking officers from all the Services had joined the army of the workers in order to institute a new order of Society.

It was almost like a religious revival, except that it promised permanency. It was born of faith, not emotion.

The People Spoke

The nation was demanding the reward of its years of sacrifice. The few, having been saved by the many, sought a return to the pre-war world of their own liking. Soon those vain dreams were shattered.

In 1938, the wages paid in six of our basic industries averaged less than 45s. a week; half the populace was suffering from malnutrition in sordid homes in which the standard of education was pitifully low.

Yet, when the call came in 1940, these ill-paid, ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-educated millions stood all alone in defence of Civilisation. But for them the world would have been enslaved for a century.

And in the election they claimed their reward—a better Britain, a land worthy of the magnificent island race which had saved all mankind.

Landlords stood in the way—greedy industrialists, too, and the riggers of stocks and shares. They lied, they slandered Labour leaders, they held up red herrings, they relied on the old shibboleths.

But the people saw a vision splendid. The young dreamed dreams. And, because of it, Might was overthrown and the voice of the people rang forth in exultation.

Cabinet of Van-boys

So, instead of a smooth-speaking Foreign Secretary trained in diplomatic subterfuge, Ernest Bevin, a blunt transport workers' leader who had been a van-boy, went to Potsdam to talk frank words to Stalin—and remind him that when Churchill made war on the infant Soviets he had organised the workers to protest against an attempt to sabotage a new collective system.

And another former van-boy, Herbert Morrison, was made Leader of the House—only three weeks after Churchill had fretfully said "he was the Minister of whom I was most glad to see the back," and Morrison had answered, "When next we meet he may be sitting among the Opposition and I shall be looking at him from the Treasury bench."

More, in Churchill's own place there sat Clement Attlee, an Oxford-trained barrister, who, shocked by the horrors of the East End, had become a Socialist and then dedicated his life to social amelioration.

Democracy's Opportunity

Those three with Cripps and Greenwood and Dalton, headed a Government that now has the chance to lead us into the outskirts of the Promised Land.

It is backed by the intelligence and the idealism of our nation. If it succeeds, Labour is in power for a score of years. If it fails, we may face grave financial and industrial trouble—trouble that may even develop into physical force.

This is the hour of democracy's great opportunity—its first, and also its last.

Attlee at the Berlin Conference as the People's Premier

CAN MR. SMITH BEAT THE CROWN?

by VINCENT BROME

In Common Law, Mr. Smith can win a case against Mr. Jones, but costs soar beyond the reach of the common man if he proposes to take action against the Crown

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: "Is your argument this: 'That any order of the Minister, however far it may depart from the Act, has effect as though enacted in the Act?' . . ."

The Attorney-General: "That is so, my Lord. Of course, it doesn't sound very pretty in that form—(laughter)—and I would prefer to say that the Court will not inquire whether it is within the Act. . . ."

The Lord Chief Justice: "They might have said, 'After the passing of this Act, the Minister may do what he likes!'"

Mr. Justice Swift: "That is what they *have* said!"

This remarkable exchange between the Lord Chief Justice, the Attorney-General and Mr. Justice Swift might have been taken from Gilbert and Sullivan in one of their wilder moments, or Bernard Shaw in full satirical bloom.

Sinister Trend

Instead, it actually took place in a Divisional Court one day, and there, for the first time, a grave distortion of power came to light. Carried to its final conclusion, this distortion of power could reduce the man in the street to an impotent cypher, unable to lift a finger against the legal might of the State.

In a new book, *Law and Orders*, by C. K. Allen, Warden of Rhodes House, Oxford, and a distinguished expert in law (Stevens, 15s.), this highlight is only one among a dozen cases quoted. They range from petty quibbles over form-filling to the full-scale affray between Lord Chancellor and Attorney-General. But they all show the same sinister trend.

Everyone knows that if a post office van knocks you down in the street you cannot sue the Post Office for damages. The Crown, in short, accepts no responsibility for the crimes of its deputies. Yet in common law—the law for you and me—the most firmly established principle lays it down that "a man is liable for the wrongful acts of his servants or agent, done in the course of his delegated duties. . . ."

To-day, the Crown, for legal purposes, has become the State, and the State enjoys legal privileges which can sometimes rob the man in the street of common justice.

Take the Mogileff case, which is a classic in legal circles, but never penetrated far into the outside world. The plaintiff had secured judgment for a large sum of money against a shipping corporation. The judgment was not carried out by the shipping corporation, and the Sheriff of Lincoln was given a writ to seize two of its ships.

The King's Ships

Then the Board of Trade stepped in. They notified the Sheriff that the ships were the property of the King. In fact, they were merely *on hire*, but had been *registered* as Crown property.

Then came the astonishing climax. It was held by an ancient law that the Sheriff had no power to "interplead" between the Crown and a subject. In the end, the plaintiff did not get his ships and completely failed to get common justice. The special privileges of the Crown had brought the ideals of English justice down in a shabby heap.

Nor is it the individual alone who may suffer in this way. The story of the Liverpool Corporation *versus* the Crown makes disturbing reading to anyone with a social conscience.

A Fortune for Justice

The Corporation had been sued by the Postmaster-General for damage caused to a post office telephone pipe, through an escape of electricity from one of the mains under the Corporation's control. Examination on the spot quickly showed that the escape of electricity was the result of the bad laying of the telephone pipe, and had nothing to do with the Liverpool Corporation.

But the Postmaster-General proceeded to sue the Corporation for damage caused by its own—the Post Office's—negligence!

Somewhere back in 1878, the Telegraph Act laid it down that any person who damaged a line belonging to the Postmaster-General must make good the damage. So the case came to court. The action actually went through four courts, with thousands of pounds in costs mounting every month, before a member of the House of Lords commented: "It seems to me that the appellant desires to lay down that not only is the Postmaster-General . . . incapable of doing any wrong, but that if he does commit a wrong, whereby damage occurs, he ought to ask somebody else to pay for it . . .!"

The actual amount of the damage claimed was barely £40, and although the Corporation eventually beat the Post Office, it meant paying thousands of pounds in costs. In this case a powerful corporation stood up to the Crown-State, but the man in the street would never have been able to challenge the enormous resources of the public purse.

Look again at the actual legal procedure. In common law, anyone who unreasonably delays his claim may lose his action. But the Crown-State cannot be defeated on this ground. Not only does it drag out proceedings to interminable lengths; it sometimes deliberately cooks up methods of delay.

Skilful Explanation

For instance, if a shipbuilder has a claim against the Admiralty, but the whole of his case depends upon a minute written between one department and another inside the Admiralty, then enormous delays may be invented to stop that minute from reaching the Court.

In fact, the special privileges of the Crown-State make it possible for the Admiralty to stop the minute reaching the Court at all. Dr. Allen writes: "An Admiralty official has only to say that it would be contrary to Departmental practice, or to the public interest, to produce the minute, and the whole action becomes abortive."

The findings of the Donoughmore Committee should be quoted next. . . . "We are bound to confess that Continental critics are justified in their contention that, under the rule of law in England, the remedy of the subject against the Executive Government is less complete than the remedy of the subject against the subject. . . ."

That puts it very mildly, but it is clear enough. Mr. Smith *versus* Mr. Jones will lead to justice for one or the other in this country. But Mr. Smith *versus* the Crown may not. It remains important not to put the blame on the wrong shoulders. Dr. Allen's book uncovers some ugly things which might have grown and developed undetected. It is a book which serves a very necessary purpose, and serves it with all the skill and originality which you would expect from the author.

Survival of Feudal Days

But where did all this begin? The misuse of privileges by State Departments is not an inevitable part of State control. In fact, the privileges Dr. Allen analyses so brilliantly were not produced by the State as we know it to-day.

They are the traditional survival of the days when the phrase "the Divine Right of Kings" was accepted literally, and they have been deliberately kept alive by reactionary governments who believed above all things their special privileges must be retained intact.

Now the days of special privilege are changing. It remains to be seen whether the Civil Service machine of a progressive government will tolerate this outdated mumbo-jumbo, which tends to make Mr. Smith *versus* the Crown a hopelessly one-sided affair.

If a post office van knocks you down, the Crown will not allow you to sue for damages, the crimes of its deputies being above common law

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

It's a Hard World

"HELLO, OLD BOY, haven't seen you since the election results. Heard you took to your bed when they announced that you'd been slung out of Parliament."

"It was the shock. The ingratitude of it—thirty years' good solid service, then to be thrown on the scrap-heap like any common working-man. It's hard."

"Never mind, old boy. After all, you're not alone. They threw me out, too. I'm wondering what we're going to do now. Of course, I've got a bit of money of my own, but I must confess that £600 a year came in damned useful."

"You're right, old man. I've been thinking I'll have to look round for a job. Heaven knows how I'll get on being tied down to a job after being free for all these years."

"STARTING TO WORK FOR A LIVING isn't going to be easy for chaps of our age. Besides, don't we have to go to one of those Employment Exchanges or something?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I was wondering if I should try to land two or three more company directorships. I'm only on the boards of three."

"My dear chap, that's no good at all nowadays. You'll be lucky if you keep those you have. Didn't that fellow Herbert Morrison say he was going to do away with parasite directors?"

"Anyway, I suppose they would want the M.P. after my name."

"INDUSTRIAL WORKERS earn big wages, so I plump for industry myself. In fact, I think I shall become a miner."

"I shouldn't do that, old man. Although I pulled all the strings I could, my son Arthur got made a Bevin Boy, and he says it's an awful job. Nasty, dirty work, and very unhealthy."

"Hmm—yes. We must look after our health. What about agriculture—that's an open air job."

"Wages are too low, old boy."

"But you get a cottage, vegetable garden, farm produce. . . ."

"That's what I used to tell them when I was in Parliament. But you work it out—with country rents, it only amounts to a few shillings a week. And some farmers make their men pay for the milk and stuff they have."

"Listen. I've got it! We'll be dock workers. I hear some of them earn £20 or £30 a week."

"Good idea. And with all these strikes and go-slow movements we shouldn't have to work much."

"HANG IT, there's a snag. We should have to belong to one of those unions or they wouldn't let us in."

"What? Wouldn't let us in? Downright selfish. The privileged class, that's what they are. They talk about every man's right to work, and then they leave us to starve."

"Ha, ha, you could do with a bit of weight off, old boy."

"That's not very kind, old man. It's all very well for you. You don't have to worry. You're older than I am, and while I'm still begging for a crust of bread to support my wife and family you'll be able to live comfortably on this ridiculously large old age pension they're going to bring in."

Free Speech

"SCROUNGING"—OR STEALING

Release for building work cancelled. Teaching children to speak. Rugby football in the South. Bevin boy wonders about his future. Ten children—and worth the struggle. Children and smoking

NOWADAYS, PEOPLE CHEERFULLY BOAST that they have "scrounged" something. What they usually mean is that they have stolen it. Yet if you were to call them thieves they would be horrified.

A soldier back from the Continent will show you a watch, a cigarette-case or a camera, and tell you with a laugh that he "liberated" it. He would probably be shocked to hear his action called looting.

Words like "scrounge" and "liberate" seem to make everything all right to present-day minds. Such an attitude is the beginning of a general deterioration in standards of what is right.—B. ARTHUR, South Croydon, Surrey.

The war has lowered our moral standards. Here's an example: A senior officer in a Scottish city police force gave me an official document to sign the other day and lent me his pen, which, he proudly told me, had been taken from a dead German by his son.

I told my friend that looting was disgusting, and asked how he would have liked it if someone had robbed *his* son. This police official is a leader in a well-known religious organisation. He is not a hypocrite. Like many others he has merely fallen into the evil of thinking that war justifies anything.—M. O., Doncaster.

Wanted: Domestic Coupons

SUCH DOMESTIC NECESSITIES as towels, curtains and tea-cloths invariably come from the housewife's ration book. This has been going on since clothes rationing began and I suggest a domestic ration book should now be issued.

This would give many a housewife the chance to buy her first coat without feeling guilty about the worn state of the front-room curtains.—MRS. E. HUMPHREYS, 28, Weston Street, Birmingham 7.

Another Excuse Gone

A MAN WAS RECENTLY released from work in an aircraft factory by the National Service Officer to take up building work. The release was later cancelled "because there was no employment available in the building industry."—HENRY WARD, 30, Milford Street, Salisbury.

Sanctuary

I HAVE HEARD PEOPLE say that there is nowhere but the public-houses to go for companionship. They should go to the local church, where there is always decent company. I have found that during my time in the Services.—CPL. BERNARD HOOPER, 9, Kathleen Road, Clapham Junction, S.W.11

Catching Her Man

IT'S A FUNNY THING, but I've heard of the bridegroom who failed to turn up for the wedding, and also of the bride-

"The bridegroom who arrived late"

groom who arrived late at the church, but I've never yet heard of the bride who failed to be there at the right time.—J. J., Dundee.

Model Charity

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR latest attacks on the charity racket. Why cannot all charities be run on such lines as King George's Fund for Sailors?

This fund, founded in 1917, collects money on behalf of all the various bodies doing welfare work for the Royal and Merchant Navies and the fishing fleet. Controlled by experts in nautical matters, the fund contributes only to reputable charities.

From January, 1940, to the end of last year, the fund made grants of nearly £1,250,000, and its administrative expenses were just 2d. in the £. If the idea were extended to all charitable appeals, most of the crooks would be automatically eliminated. The real scandal of the charity racket is the lack of control over those who batten on the public's generosity.—MERCHANT SEAMAN, Mitcham, Surrey.

You print a letter from T. P., Chiswick, advocating the abolition of all Service charities (JOHN BULL, August 4). How would this affect JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund? Do you think that, too, should be abolished?

I personally know two families who have been helped by this fund at critical times. They have since prospered, but they swear that the timely help you organised saved them from the break up of their homes.—WILLIAM JENKINS, Bolton Road, Bury, Lancs.

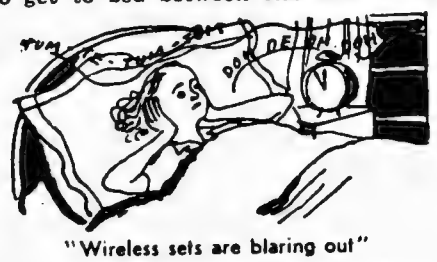
[We have always believed the JOHN BULL Fund filled a valuable need, but the need should not be there. It is the State's job to tide ex-Servicemen over bad times.—EDITOR.]

Stop Baby Talk

ISN'T IT TIME mothers taught their children to speak correctly? It is just as easy to say "train" as to say "puffer" and "dog" is easier than "bow-bow." If children were taught properly at home, it would save a lot of unnecessary work at school.—ALEC PARKER, 3, Murray Street, Atherton, Yorks.

Radio Lullaby

I AM FIFTEEN and work an eight-hour day. I leave home at 7.30 a.m. and arrive back at 6.15 in the evening. I try to get to bed between 9.30 and 10, but



"Wireless sets are blaring out"

it's impossible to sleep. Wireless sets are blaring out till 11 p.m. or midnight. Radio appeals seem to do no good.—EVELYN PEIRCE, Ilford, Essex.

Rugby League Comes South

THE NORTHERN RUGBY LEAGUE Committee have decided to play the final again at Wembley next year. If the Southerners were interested, it would be all right, but they're not. The game should be played in Yorkshire or in Lancashire. More real enthusiasts could then see the match without unnecessary expense.—J. W. PURCHON, 6, Riverside, Rawcliffe, Goole, Yorks.

Forgotten Bevin Boys

HAVE YOU NOTICED how the Bevin Boys are no longer interesting the newspapers? We've dropped right out of the limelight, but that does not mean that we are not all waiting for some official hint about what is to become of us. Talk about Forgotten Armies. . . .—M. J. HAYWARD, 2, South Cottages, Kersbrook, Budleigh Salterton, Devon.

Master Touch

WHO HAS THE FINEST and most sensitive hands? The great surgeon, the master pianist, the famous painter?

"It's nice to take a stroll round the old familiar places"

"The fruit is in the bag"

Nothing of the sort. The London costermonger beats them all.

Just watch the speed and delicacy with which he weighs your fruit when there's a crowd round his barrow. For a flashing instant the scale appears to dip. Then the fruit is in the bag and the next customer is being served, and—in some cases—robbed.—J. WORSLEY, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

Twelve's Company

I READ THE ARTICLE "We Won't Have Babies" by Albert Nevinson (JOHN BULL, July 21) with great interest. In answer to his analysis of the reasons for not having children, I enclose a photograph of my family of ten.

You'll see that my wife, at forty-nine, looks almost as young as her elder daughters. We brought up our children on the dole with occasional bright periods of earned money.

Now that we look back, we would not change places with anyone. It has been a terrific struggle, but well worth it. I want to tell Mr. Nevinson to go ahead and forget his qualms.—W. BAINTON, 82, Chorley New Road, Bolton, Lancs.

[Mr. Bainton's family certainly make a fine picture, and the remark about Mrs. Bainton is no exaggeration.—EDITOR.]

Uncured German

SOON AFTER WE WERE allowed to fraternise, I had a chat with a middle-aged German. He had spent several years in Britain and spoke English perfectly. I already knew his record had proved him to have no association whatever with the Nazi party.

He was eloquent in his detestation of Hitler and his gang—all very satisfactory. But he went on, and his eyes flashed as he spoke, "If it had not been for Hitler and his S.S. the German Army would have won."—Sergeant G. S., R.A.S.C., B.L.A. (Address enclosed.)

Smoking Athlete

WHY WAS YOUR reader W. S., of Cambridge, so shocked to see young boys smoking (JOHN BULL, July 21)? I had my first cigarette when I was seven and have smoked thousands since then without any ill-effects. I have won prizes for swimming, walking and boxing and am 6 ft. tall. So what?—G. CURTIS, 18, Long Grove Road, Epsom, Surrey.

A Parson's Charity

MY UNCLE GOT a job and had just settled down when he was called to the office and sacked. The reason given was that a report had been sent in to say that he had been in prison. It is true he had been to prison, but not for theft or anything like that. The man who gave his "past" away was a parson.—Mrs. SCOTLAND. (Name and address enclosed.)

E in His Bonnet

MOST FOLK THINK it is hard to concoct a paragraph without using a lot of that familiar symbol dividing D from F. But, by taking pains and with just ordinary ability, it is not an impossibility. I admit it might sound harsh and that awkward phrasing may occur. Anyway, what about this?—ARTHUR WOOD, 3, Fairlawn Road, Lytham, Lancs.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

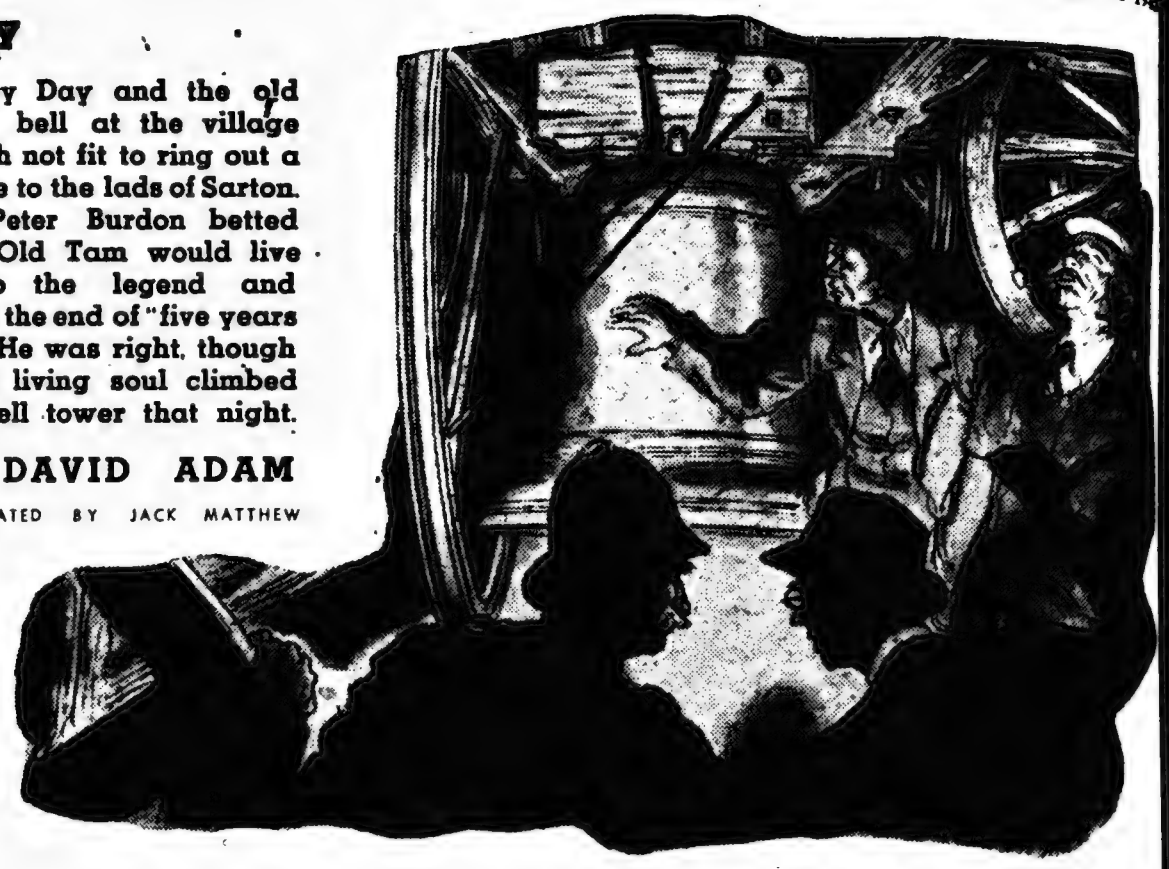
JOHN BULL Short Story

OLD TAM Gives TONGUE

Victory Day and the old tenor bell at the village church not fit to ring out a tribute to the lads of Sarton. But Peter Burdon betted that Old Tam would live up to the legend and sound the end of "five years ill." He was right, though not a living soul climbed the bell tower that night.

by DAVID ADAM

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MATTHEW



THIS TALE GOES BACK only a few months, but the real beginnings of it are rooted hundreds of years since, when Sarton Magna was bigger and more important than the now sprawling town of Bittleston: when Old Tam, the tenor bell in the parish church of St. Agnes, was newcast bronze and being hoisted, by heaven-knows what miracle of 17th century ingenuity, up to the high bell chamber in the Norman tower.

But we'd better begin at the more recent beginning: the afternoon of May 7, 1945:

"Indeed not, gentlemen!"

The Reverned Sextus Trayne's voice was sharp with authority—an authority which he felt was due to him after twenty-seven years as Rector of Sarton Magna, and which sat a trifle too heavily on his spare shoulders.

"No one," he said, in what the village knew as his pulpit voice, "no one is more sensible than I to the importance, the . . . er . . . immense historical significance of the occasion. No one would be more glad than I to hear the voices of the bells—the bells of St. Agnes spreading the glad tidings of victory over the quiet fields and woods."

He spread his lean, white fingers in a gesture that was a shade too theatrical.

"But, gentlemen," he went on, "you know as well as I that, in spite of my constant labours to set our church in order, the fabric of the tower is in no fit state to withstand the vibrations of a full peal."

Frank Simpson spoke up for the little deputation while the Rector was pausing for breath, and effect.

"It's our opinion, Mr. Trayne," he said, in his quiet, slow voice, "that the owld tower's as good as ever she were, barrin' a few beetles in the timbers and a bit o' dry rot in the floor. She'll stand up as she always has to a thousand changes, and we'm set on ringin' in the great day for the Sarton lads who'll be coming home soon—and for some as won't."

Mr. Trayne's dry lips formed a thin, downward curve of depreciation. He was a man who hated all argument.

"I'm afraid it is out of the question," he said, dogmatically, rising from his seat with a finality that suggested dismissal.

Then Peter Burdon added his word. Peter was not old enough to have rung the bells on more than a dozen occasions before they fell silent, with all other English peals, for the duration. But he was as keen as any to hear them speak again.

"If we can't have a peal, Mr. Trayne," he said, "what about letting Old Tam give tongue?"

The Rector stiffened.

"I take it," he said, coldly, "that you have in mind that absurd superstition . . . I cannot, and will not, be a party to bringing about the doubtful fulfilment of a crankish village legend.

"And, moreover, *that* bell, above all others, must not be disturbed. Its timbers are positively worm-eaten. It hasn't swung for five years, and until an expert has examined the beams, I cannot consent to *any* of the bells being rung. . . . Good afternoon, gentlemen!"

And that was that.

"Old sour-belly!" said young Peter, rudely, as he walked away.

WE BELL-RINGERS—or, to give us our full title, the Sarton Magna Campanological Society—had hung together pretty well during the belfry's long silence. There were the handbells to keep our ears keen and our timing smooth; but mostly we liked the social side.

Every Monday we met in the back parlour of the Dancing Bear, and there was beer for those who cared for it, and plenty of lively talk.

It was this side of the Society's life of which the Rector disapproved, although in all conscience it was harmless enough. He had no ear for the bells, in any case; and the combination of church bell ringing and the worldly atmosphere of the Dancing Bear was altogether beyond his narrow, if scholarly, comprehension.

We knew that his assessment of the death-watch beetles' ravages in the bell-tower was heavily exaggerated. We suspected that his real motive was a desire to have done with bell-ringing for good, save perhaps for the monotonous one-bell summons to church services. His retort to Peter Burdon's suggestion that Old Tam should ring for victory seemed proof of that.

All five survivors of the original peal had names and each had something of a legend. Carved above each, in characters that were now scarcely legible, was a doggerel couplet, reputed to be the work of one Rhyming Roger, a sort of village Nostrodamus who had left, when he died in 1628, a whole legacy of such nonsense in rough verse.

Mostly his rhymes were vague prophecies, some of which had come true—if you could swallow, as readily as most of the villagers seemed to, a rather broad

The Rector and the Sergeant led up the narrow wooden stairs to the first floor of the belfry

interpretation of their tortuous terms.

The legend of Old Tam was typical:

"When Tam gives Tongue, though hys
Tongue be Stille,
T'will marke the Ende of Five Years'
Ille."

It might mean anything—or nothing.

But the village seized on it with enthusiasm as the war waned. What else could it mean, they said, except that Old Tam would herald the peace after five years of war? The bit about "though hys Tongue be Stille" was interpreted in a dozen ingenious ways, but there was a strong superstition in the district that Old Tam would be heard, whether the Rector liked it or not, when the time came.

We met again, since it was our night for meeting, at 8 o'clock in the Dancing Bear.

There was a gloom over the occasion, for we'd set our hearts on the peal, and it was hard to be sitting there, gazing silently into our tankards, when we might have been unlooping the ropes and oiling the great wheels, ready for the first crashing chorus for five long years.

YOUNG PETER was sitting like a man in a trance, his fingers tapping out an irritating rhythm on the scrubbed table, his eyes glazed by introspection. For half-an-hour he sat thus, paying no heed to the desultory conversation.

And then, suddenly, he lifted the mug and cracked it smartly on the table.

"Old Tam 'll give tongue to-night," he said, "or I'm the Bishop o' Norwich."

There was a low, incredulous murmur.

"Don't you go paying heed to them old women's tales," said George Butcher, who was a realist, and no believer in Rhyming Roger's half-baked prophecies.

"Tales be ——d!" Peter rarely swore, but this was one of the times that he did. His eyes were hard and bright as he turned them on George. "I've got a pound as is as good as yours—an' it says Old Tam 'll strike six times at midnight. . . . *And* I'll not pull un', nor set foot in the church this night."

It was too much for George. Before Peter had finished, he was digging into his baggy tweed coat. Out came a shiny old leather wallet, and a pound note fluttered to the table in front of Peter.

"Any more of you, at a pound a time," queried Peter, with a sharp challenge in his tone, "before the book closes?"

But his obvious conviction stirred the old superstitition to life, and only four of the company joined George in this absurd and rather deplorable wager. . . .

At ten minutes to twelve I stood by the lych-gate leading to the church-yard with George Butcher and Jim Willis. We were lost in the jet-black shadow of the great yew that had overhung the gate for centuries, and, feeling rather foolish, we were keeping very quiet.

I had the feeling that other curious-minded members of the society were lurking near, in similar dark corners; but not a sound broke the silence of Church End Lane.

AND SO WE WAITED, Jim Willis sucking with ridiculous caution at a pipe which he covered—for no reason that he could have told you—with crooked fingers.

Then there was the creak of a gate in the distance, and the crunch of gravel beneath purposeful feet. A tall, sombre figure with a slight stoop almost walked right into us, then pulled up with one hand on the lych-gate.

We never knew whether there was a fifth-columnist in our midst, or whether Peter's bold wager had been voiced loudly enough to be heard in the public bar of the Bear, and thus given full publicity. However, it was the Rector's voice that came to us in the gloom. And it was clear that he knew what was afoot.

"Who's there?" he challenged sharply.

We told him.

"If you are parties to this disgusting wager," he said, "I would advise you to go home at once. . . . I have warned Sergeant Tomlinson to take into custody any trespassers in the church tower tonight."

And, as he spoke, a bulky shadow added itself to ours with surprising stealth, and Sergeant Tomlinson was among us.

The policeman, a fair ringer himself, though not a member of the society, was as embarrassed as we were, and merely emphasised the Rector's warning somewhat half-heartedly.

It must have been midnight as he spoke, for suddenly, unmistakeably to our accustomed ears, Old Tom gave tongue. . . .

Not, it seemed to me, with his full, mellow voice. There was a sharp

hallow ring to his note, but it was indeniably his; and we were rooted where we stood, the Sergeant's mouth half-open on a word he never finished.

The second stroke came before the echoes of the first had died away, and seemed to release us from a spell. We were through the gate and half-way up to the church door before the third clanged sharply out above our heads.

Dark figures seemed to be converging from all directions. It must have been almost a full muster of the campanologists.

The Rector and the Sergeant led up the narrow wooden stairs to the first floor of the belfry, and here we paused, while the Rector struck a match.

The bell-ropes were still as death, looped as we had looped them, reluctantly five years before. No hand had touched them tonight—that was certain.

THE CHILL FINGER of superstition laid itself on my spine as we climbed the next flight—spiral stone steps—to the bell chamber. The echoes beat down on us with a terrifying clangour, and the Rector pushed open the frail wooden door at the top of the steps just as the sixth note of Old Tam reverberated through the emptiness of the tower.

It was indeed empty. Not so much as a rat disturbed the dust that lay thick on the wooden boards in the guttering light of the Rector's second match.

Gradually the dim chamber was filled with dark forms, yet no one spoke. I reached up and laid a hand on Old Tam's cold flank; he still vibrated, like a living thing, yet his huge clapper hung completely motionless; suddenly I wanted to get out, quickly.

Then, beneath the sole of my foot, a hard little object turned, and almost threw me over. I picked it up, unobtrusively, and looked at it in the light of the dozen or so matches that now glimmered in none too steady hands.

A glance was enough—a glance and a moment's thought. Then I stood with my back to Old Tam and looked out through the narrow slit in the thickness of the tower wall. Against the still luminous sky to the west was no more than a glimpse of black elms, sharply silhouetted, and the gable of a house on the far side of the lane.

And then I knew, for certain, how young Peter had won his bet, and given truth to an old and doubtful prophecy. . . .

I decided to keep it to myself.

I FOUND PETER at his work next morning. He was driving a tractor, and in no mood to stop, until I stood squarely in his path and begged a moment's speech.

He closed the throttle and the engine coughed itself to silence. Then I pressed into his palm the small, flattened lump of lead I had picked up in the tower at midnight.

Peter's face flushed darkly, and he knew it was useless to feign innocence.

He had suddenly remembered (he told me), while sitting in the Bear the previous evening, how he could see, from the attic window of his father's farm, the silhouette of Old Tom between the two narrow lights in the church tower.

And, just as suddenly, he remembered his .22 rifle, with the silencer he had bought so that he could enjoy a bit of quiet shooting up at Bemborrow Woods without disturbing his good friends the keepers.

He'd reckoned that six shots, accurately aimed through the dark rectangle in the church tower, and well-timed, would make Old Tam give tongue, Rector or no; and, being the best shot in ten miles of good shooting country, he'd reckoned right. . . .

Something about that midnight occasion wrought a deep change in the Rector. I believe he shook young Peter quite warmly by the hand when the lad called on him, rather sheepishly, to open the new Belfry Restoration Fund with a donation of five pounds.

JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON explains why he believes that

CUP CRICKET WILL GAIN A GREAT NEW PUBLIC

"LET'S HAVE BRIGHTER CRICKET." This plea, which has been heard for generations, may be answered in the near future if the advocates of a series of cup knock-out games for the first-class county clubs have their way.

It has been pointed out by a famous England batsman that cricket depends upon the weather more than does football for the completion of a series of cup-ties. But supporters of the latter idea emphasise that many cricket cups are put up for competition every year.

It's An Old and Tried Idea

In Yorkshire, Lancashire, and other parts of England, as well as in Ulster, cup cricket has flourished and grown steadily in popularity. Moreover, the clubs who take part in these cup competitions invariably get a good return for their outlay in staging the match.

This suggestion of county cricket clubs competing for a knock-out cup is nothing new, although, judging by the interest shown by most sportsmen, one would imagine it to be a novel scheme. We have to go back into cricket history, however, to find the last attempt to stage such a competition.

It was in 1873 that the M.C.C., with the aim of increasing the popularity of county cricket, offered a Championship Cup for annual competition among the first-class counties, the ties to be played on the neutral ground of Lord's.

At first the suggestion appealed to all the counties, but when most of them failed to arrange their fixtures the M.C.C., disappointed at the lack of response, withdrew its offer.

Kent and Sussex, who had shown great interest in the cup-tie suggestion, asked permission to play off their tie "just for fun," and did so on June 9-10, 1873. A huge crowd gathered to witness this, the first and only County Cup-tie, and after a match packed tight with incident Kent defeated Sussex by 52 runs.

The "hell-for-leather" advocates, who believe that cup-tie cricket would bring in larger gates at county matches, point out how the spectators roll up in their thousands to see such stars as Learie Constantine scoring runs like a well-oiled machine, and producing some sensational bowling and fielding.

Len Hutton hits out in the second Victory Test Match—played at Sheffield, the game was full of "zip".

How to Stage Cup-Ties

In this class of cricket, too, every man is "on his toes" all the time; his great aim is to win the match. From some of the slack fielding I saw in county cricket before the war, one would not always think that the fieldsman's mind was on the game.

A knock-out cup competition might well bring in the little extra "zip" that Australians love so much, as was shown by their fine display in the first "unofficial" post-war Test at Lord's, when they scored 107 runs in 70 minutes, the winning hit being made off the fourth ball of the last over. This over would never have been bowled had not Alf. Gover, the great Surrey fast bowler, speeded up. And they say that cricketers are not keen!

Among the best suggestions I have heard regarding the way the cup-ties could be staged is the proposal that the first eight county teams in the championship table at a certain date each season should automatically enter the "hat."

This, in itself, would reduce the number of ties, and so prevent a great deal of "drawn-out" play.

Prospect of Thrilling Games

Many people against the proposed Cricket Cup—at least, those with whom I have discussed the subject—fear that the "hell-for-leather speed" that might come in ties of this type would tend to reduce the science of the game.

There are many who treat their cricket much more seriously than even the players themselves. They sit in pavilions, and around the ring, recalling the giants of the past, and looking upon every stroke made by the batsman at the wicket as a subject for discussion. They see a possibility of cup cricket resulting in men lashing out at the ball instead of playing scientific strokes.

This is a narrow outlook, based on unfounded fears.

Should the idea be put into operation, some really thrilling games can be promised if such players as Bowes, Halliday and Hutton (Yorks), Wilkinson, Booth, Paynter (Lancs), Gover, Fishlock, Gregory (Surrey), Hammond and Barnett (Gloucester)—to mention but a few—pit their skill and enthusiasm against each other with "The Cup" as the target.

Lately we have seen many thrilling matches. The crowds have responded to the call. When cricket settles down once more, it will be up to those responsible for the "showmanship" to remember that excitement and thrills, even on the cricket field, pay dividends in the shape of large attendances.

MUDDLE LEAVES MILLIONS OF HOMES DERELICT

Delays and inefficiency in war damage repairs are reported by JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator

THE WAR DAMAGE COMMISSION is credited with an ambitious programme for future operations. But its plans are lagging behind its wistful hopes.

All over the country thousands of houses, which could be made habitable quite easily if some effective national programme were put into operation, remain completely neglected and untenanted.

Repairs begun a year ago are still uncompleted.

Not far from where I live, two long rows of detached houses were badly blasted by a flying bomb that fell on the night the V1s first arrived. Gangs of repairing labourers arrived on the spot a few days later, but they worked so slowly and badly that many of the residents are still living in one room.

There are thousands of families who have more reason than Hitler ever had to say that their patience is exhausted.

LAST NOVEMBER a house in a Kentish town was damaged, along with many others nearby, by a near miss from a V1. The people living in the house had twice previously been bombed out, and had been seven times badly blasted.

In the incident of last November their roof was completely blown off and the house as a whole suffered maior damage.

A day or two later first-aid repair workers arrived to fix a tarpaulin over the roof and block up broken windows.

Twenty minutes after the men had gone the housewife noticed that the tarpaulin had slipped. She reported the matter, but days passed without anybody coming to refix it.

Heavy rain began—there were days and nights of it—but another two weeks passed without action, during which time the household effects and furniture were utterly swamped.

THE WOMAN-OF-THE-HOUSE went to the Town Hall and begged the appropriate officials to do something at least to make the place waterproof. Her father was under medical treatment for a severe rheumatic complaint, but there was no room in the house in which he could rest, for water was streaming down all the walls.

"We'll see what we can do," officials told her. "We're very busy and labour is the difficulty."

Two further days passed. It was again raining very heavily. Nobody arrived.

So she journeyed round to the Town Hall again. An official, quite sympathetic, promised to send someone along before the end of the afternoon.

Another four days elapsed. And still nothing was done. Then, at a quarter to five on the fifth day, *twenty* men arrived.

They sauntered about, and finally tied the tarpaulin in place over the roof of the flat next door.

Suddenly she observed them packing up their ladders, so she ran out.

"It's five o'clock," one of the men said, "and we ain't going to do any more to-day."

Next day the same gang of *twenty* men arrived. It was a Saturday, and their half-day off. All they did was to put up one ladder. Then they went off, in a body, for coffee.

They were absent one and a half hours. By the time they returned it was, they said, "knocking-off time."

So, for another weekend, this house was left open to the sky.

Before the work was begun in earnest, by real, honest workmen, the woman of that house had paid twenty visits to the Town Hall!

HER EXPERIENCE, as I have hinted, is common. Her name and address, and those of people with similar experiences, are available to any investigator the War Damage Commission cares to appoint.

The crux of the whole scandal is lack of unified control, and smoothing out this appalling muddle will be an early test of the new Government.

Look Out On Friday . . .

IT is Friday tea-time at 27, Edenfield Road, Liverpool. And "Bulleteer" G. W. Scragg, just home from the tobacco factory, is beginning to give up hope of a Joy Wire from Long Acre.

Then comes a knock at the door. Yes, it *is* a telegram. In fact, *the* telegram. It tells him that in Contest 1,485 he has won £100 and Free Holiday First Prize for this *Bullet* : Like Old Times—Ascot—Wimbledon—Henley—*Jarrow ?*

Want that Friday thrill yourself ? Use your coupon below !

INCREASED HOLIDAY CASH

THIS WEEK'S PRIZES VALUE OVER **£400**

£100 Cash First plus Free Holiday for Two.

£20 plus **£5** Holiday Cash

£10 plus **£5** Holiday Cash

3 of £8, 3 of £6, 3 of £4

25 of £2, 200 of 2s. 6d.

1,500 MERIT AWARDS

☞ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated Sept. 1 with details of new £50 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

NEW PARLIAMENT
GERMANY MUST PAY, SO
UNEMPLOYMENT SPECTRE
HEALTHY SIGN
IN JAPAN TO-DAY
POLITICAL LANDSLIDE
MY PROBLEM
THINGS HAVE CHANGED AND
IN POWER
MULTITUDE OF SINS
CUTE
IN A DITHER
AMATEUR MUSICIAN
TROUBLE IN THE VILLAGE
COOL HAND
NOW HE'S IN CIVVIES
LIKE A SHOT
FAR AWAY
OUR JOINT
DAD'S ON HOLIDAY, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

HARVEST OF.....
LEADING THE.....
WHAT ..... WANTS
ROOM FOR.....
NICE LITTLE.....
MAKES A MAN.....

Result No. 1,437—First Prize £10. & Seaside Holiday

E. M. GOODCHILD, LYNN ROAD, EAST WINCH, KINGS LYNN, NORFOLK.

AT LOGGERHEADS MOTHER'S HEART AND FEET.

£25 : M. L. Latimer, 5, Bathwick St., Bath. **Peace Charter — Parchment Making "Drums" *Silent.***

£15 : R. Ford, 47, Main St., Stapenhill, Burton-on-Trent. **Man To Be Kept Under "Microscope," German Scientist.**

3 of £8 :
T. R. Davies, 17, Brynheulog St., Ebbw Vale, Mon. **To Lick The Japs—Hope "Joe" Helps "Louis" !**
H. J. Hoare, 62, Hayes End Drive, Hayes, Middx. **The Government—Enters Ring—Exit Rings ?**
A. Morris, 39, Northumberland Avenue, Reading. **With Open Arms — Yet Pathetically "Handcuffed," Hospital.**

3 of £6 :
W. Garnett, 22, Linner Rd., Speke, Liverpool. **With Open Arms—Let's Shut Devil Out !**
W. H. Knight, 42, Beaconsfield Avenue, Cosham, Portsmouth. **The Best Place—For "Go-slow" Docker, Dock.**
A. V. Pritchard, "Westbury," Dagmar Grove, Woodborough Rd., Nottingham. **Fit For A Hero—Now Slum's Roof Mended ?**

3 of £4 :
Mrs. A. Lovell, 18, Verney Cres., South Allerton, Liverpool. **Dreaming Of Utopia — Socialist — And Monopolising Bedclothes !**
W. Potts, 66, Elleray Road, Pendleton, Salford. **Scrap Of Paper—Landlady's Bill's On, Extra !**
G. Rodgers, 8, Deanscales Rd., Liverpool **Ended It—Or Pretended It, Hitler ?**

A list of 25 winners of £2 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CHEQUES & PENS WON—XWORD 439.

WINNING WORDS : 1. Sweats. 2. Avid. 3. Work 4. Man. 5. Heavy. 6. Suits. 7. Staff. 8. Strut 9. Pet. 10. Stew. 11. Dull. 12. Bridle. 13. Mug. 14. Linen.

£50 SHARERS : W. G. Bailey, 32, Albion Road, North Shields ; J. A. Bond, 28, Clarissa Rd., Chadwell Heath, Essex ; Pte. G. E. Johnson, Uplands, Norfolk Rd., Uxbridge ; Mrs. M. B. Whitelegg, School Camp, Ribbesford, Bewdley, Wores. Each in addition receives Fountain Pen as offered. Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 27 entrants.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2. The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Sept. 8 also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON : "BULLETS" No. 1,491, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two past "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon duty.

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,491
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, AUG. 20

For £50 "BULLETIN" (SEPT. 1), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENV.

write to JOHN BULL about it

COST OF SCHOOL MEALS CAUSES HARDSHIP

Foreign wife who wants divorce. Private tuition to pass a scholarship examination. Seeking help from Marriage Guidance Council. Ex-Servicemen not exempt from income tax. Wholesale textile business

"WE LIVE A MILE and a half from the school which my two children attend. Mid-day dinners for the pupils are served in a British Restaurant, where the charge has been raised from 9d. to 1s. Including their bus fares, I have to pay 13s. 4d. a week for the children, and my budget will not stand it.

"As far as I know, this school is the only one in the county without a canteen. The headmaster has tried to get one without success. Is there anything that can be done about it?"

Under the new Education Act, which began to operate on April 1 this year, Local Authorities are required to make arrangements for mid-day meals for children. There need not necessarily be a canteen in the school, but—this is the point for you to bear in mind—these dinners should not cost more than the price of materials. In most schools this is 4d. or 5d. per meal.

Write to the Education Authorities for your area. Tell them that they will find the ruling in Statutory Rules and Orders 195, No. 698, Section 10 (1).

Remind them also that in Section 10 (3) it is stated that, where the cost of dinners for children involves financial hardship, the price can be reduced or remitted altogether. That ought to help you out of your difficulty.

I might add that, when the Family Allowances Bill becomes law, these mid-day meals will cost nothing except for the eldest child in the family. That alone will halve your expenses. But in the meantime act on the information I have given above.

"WHILE SERVING IN THE MIDDLE EAST I married a Russian girl. Later on I lost my left leg. I returned to England last August after being abroad for eight out of twelve years. Since my return my wife's letters have been very infrequent and full of abuse. She finally tells me that she had no intention of coming here. This means that I shall spend the rest of my life tied to a wife I shall never see again.

"I don't like the idea of divorce, because I love my wife. Will you please tell me what is my best plan of action?"

It seems pretty clear that your wife wants you to divorce her, and since you cannot make her come to England, it would be advisable to seek a divorce on grounds of desertion. The alternative is a life of utter loneliness. It is futile to tell you to forget her, but as the years pass she will mean less and less to you.

"I SHALL BE VERY grateful if you give me some advice about books with which I can improve my education. I have only had an elementary education, and I have recently made an application to join the Police Force. I cannot attend an evening school because I have to work too long hours."

The first requirement is a good general education — specialised training will come later. You have to be able to express yourself correctly, both in writing and speaking, and of course you will need to know the fundamentals of

arithmetic. A knowledge of geography has more practical value than ancient history, and general science would be better than a foreign language.

"Teach Yourself to Think," "Teach Yourself Mathematics," "Teach Yourself Good English" and other books in the "Teach Yourself" series would be worth getting. They cost 3s. each and are published by the English Universities Press. A bookseller will show you a list and get those you want.

The higher positions in the Police Force are available only to men who have had a first-class education—preferably at a good university.

"MY WIFE AND I have been listening to the broadcast talks on marriage problems by Dr. David Mace of the Marriage Guidance Council. We had never heard of him until we read his article, "Marriage Under Fire" (JOHN BULL, March 10).

"We should like our son and his bride to go to him for advice if it can be arranged. Is Dr. Mace an easy man to approach? Would he treat their problem in confidence? Are the fees heavy?"

Dr. Mace himself is naturally a very busy man and is travelling about a good deal. That is the reason for the existence of a Marriage Guidance *Council*—a panel of experts, each of whom is qualified to deal with problems. You can confidently rely on the advice of any member of the Council without troubling Dr. Mace.

The best procedure is to write to the Council at 78, Duke Street, London, W.1, giving an outline of the problem and mentioning a suitable date on which you could call. An appointment will then be made for you to see the expert who specialises in the type of problem which is worrying you. All problems are treated in strict confidence.

All advisers on the Marriage Guidance Council give their services voluntarily, and running costs are the only expenses, consequently fees can be kept low. The usual fee is 10s. 6d., but those who cannot afford this may seek advice without hesitation and are only asked to give a contribution within their means.

X-WORD CASH. RADIO. PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Even these people may get their tempers badly ruffled—POLI□E. 2. Hiker isn't likely to lose one out of his pocket—MA□. 3. Presence of this in throat can guide a doctor—L□MP. 4. Decay of agriculture contributed to creation of—SLUM□. 5. Strong tug may well help if these get stuck fast in mud—BO□TS. 6. Strong one gives some people a feeling of intoxication—WIN□. 7. May possibly incite sharper to still further crimes—□UG. 8. General needs good one—M□P. 9. A single shot will usually send flying—CRO□. 10. Describes certain monkey such as may be found in zoo—DR□LL. 11. Those who do this seldom strike the right note—STRU□. 12. Mention this and some immediately think of decrease—WA□E. 13. Old stone one is still found occasionally. —CEL□. 14. Even beaten boxer may hope to win these some day—SP□RS.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Sept. 1 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark **—MONDAY, Aug. 20.**

ADDRESS ENTRY : Xword 443, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 439 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

Unemployment Claim

H. A., Liverpool.—Under the provisions of the Unemployment Insurance Act, the local Insurance Officer had the right to disallow your claim for unemployment benefit on the ground that you voluntarily left employment without just cause. You are entitled, however, within twenty-one days of the date of his decision, to appeal to the local Court of Referees. In order to succeed with your appeal, you must show that you had good cause for leaving.

A. R., Grangemouth.—Anybody who takes up civilian employment is immediately liable to tax deductions unless his coding is so high, or his earnings are so low, that he is exempt. There is no question of ex-Servicemen, or, for that matter, any others, being exempt for a period of two years.

V. P., Wednesbury.—The Board of Trade is receiving large numbers of inquiries from ex-Servicemen about the opening of wholesale businesses in the textile trade. As the industry is still severely restricted, the issue of coupons is limited to persons who were actually engaged in the trade as principals before joining the Forces, or exceptionally to other persons who have some pre-war experience of the trade and are prevented by a war disability from accepting employment.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund registered under the War Charities Act, 1940). Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets
(Regd.)

By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

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The BIG Tablet with BIG Advantages

'Alasil' is a BIG Tablet because it serves a double purpose. Every 'Alasil' Tablet contains the normal supply of the highest quality aspirin plus 'Alocol'—an important antacid which helps to make the pain-relieving properties of aspirin more effective. 'Alocol' soothes and protects the stomach and enables even the most sensitive digestions to accept 'Alasil' without any unpleasant reactions.

'Alasil' Tablets are scientifically prepared under the strictest control from ingredients of the highest quality, and for years they have been widely prescribed by medical and dental practitioners.

Take 'Alasil' for **Headache, Toothache. Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, Periodic Pains, Digestive Disorders** (due to acidity).

Breaks up at once in Water

Medical knowledge indicates the great disadvantage of swallowing any form of pain-relieving tablet whole. It emphasizes how important it is to see that such tablets are completely broken up before they enter the stomach. 'Alasil' Tablets have the special and great advantage of breaking up at once in water or on the tongue. Thus 'Alasil' can be taken with the greatest ease, and it gets to work more rapidly and effectively.

In Bottles **1/11½** *and* **1/5.** *Cartons* **6d.**
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"THE HABIT OF SAVING MUST STILL BE ENCOURAGED"
(Government White Paper on Employment Policy)

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ENABLES YOU TO SAVE WITH SECURITY AND PROTECT YOUR FAMILY

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To PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Please supply particulars of how I can obtain £.....
With-Profits at age.....Date of Birth.....
Name.....
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A DAB plus
A BRUSH
equals lashings
of lovely lather.

IN POTS
1/3 & 2/3

BV 137-621 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

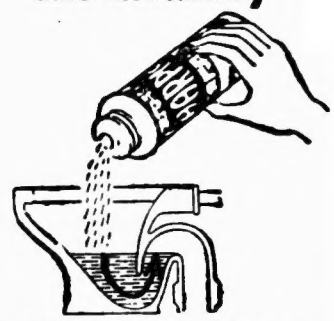
Summer EYE TROUBLES quickly relieved

Summer dust and glare cause eye troubles. If your eyes are red, watery or strained by strong light you can get relief quite quickly by using 'Valopto,' the modern eye lotion. Its three soothing plant extracts comfort and refresh, its gentle antiseptics check possible infection.

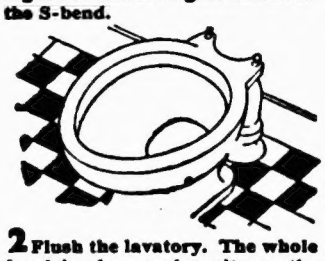
'Valopto' is a NEW combination the result of hundreds of clinical tests. Relieves styes, conjunctivitis and all common eye ailments. At chemists 2/- (inc.tax).

VALOPTO
The MODERN Eye Lotion

Specially made to clean the lavatory



Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.



2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see, as well.

Because it is specially made for cleaning the lavatory, Harpic does the job effectively and easily. Its thorough action removes all discoloration — cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan. Just sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible. Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

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Evening finds HEALTHY WORKERS tired but happily content with a day's work well done.

KEEP HEALTHY and efficient! Nobody can afford to be handicapped by backache, stiff, aching joints, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders or any symptom due to sluggish kidney action.

Workers on the land and in the factory use and recommend Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for banishing these troubles. This special kidney medicine brings welcome relief by helping sluggish kidneys to filter from the blood harmful impurities which cause pain and discomfort.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills

Head Pains . . .

I need Phensic —that's what I need!

What a pity! Time spent in pain—when Phensic so quickly brings relief! It will pay you to keep handy a supply of Phensic in case of headache, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatic pain, lumbago, sciatica. Phensic is a real family remedy—anyone may take it in perfect safety.

Two sizes 1/4 and 3/3
including Purchase Tax.

Phensic
Does not harm the heart

WHY NERVE PAINS need a double remedy

The next time you've Neuralgia or any nerve pain, even toothache or earache, take a couple of Propax Tablets. Propax is so quick in bringing relief to pain because it is more than just aspirin. It is a combination of the two greatest and safest pain relievers, aspirin and phenacetin. They reinforce and supplement each other in a way no single drug can do, and they do not disturb heart or stomach. That is why Propax drives away pain so quickly—quicker than you ever dared to hope.

PROPAX
DOUBLE POWER
TABLETS
At all chemists and stores.
6½d., 1/5d. and 2/6d.
REALLY STOP PAIN

FOOD FACTS

No. 1 in a special series
Making the most of....

Sugar

How to use other sweetenings in cooking

Nearly every housewife finds it a problem to make the sugar ration go round. Here are some suggestions for using other sweetenings in cooking, to save your sugar. They may mean a little extra trouble, but the sugar saved makes it well worth while.

SACCHARIN. Three to four tablets of saccharin are equal to one ounce of sugar. The best way is to crush the saccharin and mix with an equal quantity of sugar. When using this "fortified" sugar you need only half the amount of sugar called for in the recipe. "Fortified" sugar is suitable for plain cakes, puddings, and biscuits.

When using saccharin for stewed fruit, crush the saccharin and stir it in after the fruit is cooked. If cooked for any length of time, saccharin tends to develop a bitter flavour.

BICARBONATE OF SODA. When stewing acid fruit (such as damsons), a little bicarbonate of soda helps to neutralize the acid, so that you need less sugar. Use half a level teaspoonful to 1 lb. of fruit, and stir it slowly in at the end of the cooking.

GOLDEN SYRUP, TREACLE, OR HONEY. Golden syrup and treacle, of course, take precious points, but they *do* help to save your sugar. Honey, now and again, instead of the jam ration, is also most useful. When using any of these for cakes, puddings, or biscuits, use the same weight as you would use of sugar, but a little less liquid for mixing. (1 level tablespoon syrup weighs 1 oz.). Mix the syrup, treacle, or honey with the liquid, or cream it with the fat.

A sugar-saving idea for jam-making is to replace not more than half the sugar with syrup or honey.

Either syrup or honey can be used for sweetening stewed or bottled fruit.

To make syrup easier to use, warm the tin so as to melt the syrup slightly. Do the same with honey. This also prevents your using too much. If you heat the spoon first, the syrup will come out more easily.

SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK. When you can get it, and can spare the points, sweetened condensed milk can be used for sauces, custards, and moulds, as well as for sweetening tea, coffee, and cocoa.

DRIED FRUIT. Sultanas, raisins or dates stewed with fresh fruit, not only provide sweetening, but give an interesting flavour.

LISTEN TO KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 264

LISTEN TO YOUR **WISER** SELF!

Dreaming of a spending orgy? Wake up and listen to your wiser self! He says "You've got it wrong old man. This isn't the time for spending. Wait till there's more to choose from. Then you'll be glad you kept on buying National Savings Certificates."

BECAUSE
- Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.
- This increase is not subject to Income Tax.
- They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.
- Savings up keeps prices down.

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How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.* **2** *Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.* **3** *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1/3 PER JAR

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We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

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It is a comfortable thought when facing the daily round to know that in one's pocket is a packet of "Player's"...

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PLAIN OR CORK TIPS

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